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POEMS,

WRITTEN DURING HIS EARLY PROFESSIONAL YEARS,

BY

HON. JESSE WALKER,

WITH

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR

BY

REV. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

"Honored be the page that breathes —
Though rudely wrought its outer garments are —
Of Virtue, Truth, Fidelity, and Love."

Page 73.

BUFFALO:
PHINNEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1854.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854,

By B. A. WALKER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United
States for the Northern District of New York.

TO THE BLESSED MEMORY
OF
BELA D. COE,
THE EARLY AND TRIED FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,
This Little Volume is affectionately Dedicated,
BY ONE
TO WHOM THE REMEMBRANCE OF BOTH IS PRECIOUS.

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PREFACE.

It would seem fitting and proper that a brief notice of the Author of this little volume of Poems should accompany its publication. And it is eminently fitting and proper that this notice should be in the style and spirit of unobtrusive modesty which so pre-eminently characterized its subject.

JUDGE WALKER was born in the town of Whiting, Addison Co., Vt., and was graduated at Middlebury College, in the summer of 1833.

He began, the same year, the study of Law, and in 1835 removed to Buffalo, where, in 1836, he entered upon the practice of his profession.

While engaged in his legal pursuits, he found time to cultivate his taste for general literature, and it was during these first years of his professional life, that the greater number of these poems were written.

It may, perhaps, be the partiality of friendship which has influenced our judgment of their merits, in advising their publication, and yet have we so much confidence in their intrinsic worth, as stamped with the marks of poetic genius, and as glowing with the warmth of a genial sympathy, a true-hearted benevolence, and a high-toned morality, that we do not fear the lash of ill-natured criticism. We send them forth, not only as a grateful memorial of their author, to the immediate circle of private friendship, but on a more extended mission, to beguile the leisure hours of the stranger, with the bright pictures of the chastened fancy, the kindling thoughts, and the ennobling sentiments of one who ever cherished in his own heart the feelings of a common brotherhood with his fellows. In the language of one of his favorite classics, "*Homo sum, atque nil humanum a me alienum puto.*"

We are satisfied that no one (for example) can read the poem entitled "The Hero of the Plague," or "The Self-Devoted," and rise from their perusal, without conceiving a high respect for the nobility, both of heart and mind, which could dictate them.

We did not propose, in the space we have assigned ourselves, a *lengthened* notice of the life and writings of the author. It was our wish to make the notice such as his own modest appreciation of himself would have approved; and yet, it seems due to his memory that the following proceedings of the members of the Bar, had upon the news of his death, should have a more permanent record than the ephemeral columns of a Daily Newspaper.

“At a meeting of the members of the Bar, of the city of Buffalo, held at the Court House on the evening of the 6th inst., in reference to the death of Judge WALKER—ELIJAH FORD, Esq., was called to the chair, and WM. F. MILLER appointed secretary. Messrs. CAMERON, BAKER and NICHOLS, were appointed a committee on resolutions. After a few appropriate and eloquent remarks from H. CAMERON, A. P. NICHOLS, J. O. PUTNAM and B. THOMPSON, the following resolutions were offered by A. P. NICHOLS Esq., from the committee on resolutions, and passed by the meeting.

“ *Whereas*, The mysterious Providence of God has

suddenly snatched from our midst the Hon. Jesse Walker, Judge of Erie County, Therefore it is

“*Resolved* by us, his surviving brethren of the Bar, that in the death of Judge Walker, Justice has lost from out her Temple a pure and upright minister—the county of Erie an able and valued Judge, and ourselves a most worthy and deserving brother.

“*Resolved*, That by this bereavement, so sudden, so unexpected, we are deeply and keenly afflicted. In the prime of life and health—in the maturity of ripened powers, cultured and enriched by much nice and varied learning—just entered upon the duties of an honorable and responsible official station, in which studious habits, patience of examination, solidity of judgment, integrity, courtesy and modesty, gave assured promise of excellence, and walking before men blameless in the purity of his private life and domestic relations, our friend has been cut down and removed. We mourn his loss and will cherish his memory. How impressive the reiteration of that fearful truth which we all so well know, yet so little heed, that, “in the midst of life we are in death.” * * *

*“Resolved, That the Court over which our deceased friend and brother so lately presided, in the flush and buoyancy of health, at its next session, be moved that these resolutions be entered in its minutes, as a permanent testimonial of our sorrow for his loss, and respect for his character.” * * **

There is no allusion, in the above proceedings, to the Christian calmness and resignation which marked his last hours. He died in the full possession of his faculties, and in the peaceful trust of

“One who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

He received the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and, in peace with God and man, fell asleep, and
“was gathered to his fathers.”

INVOCATION TO GENIUS.

Invocation to Genius.

I.

CHILD of the skies ! spark of celestial fire !

Yet doomed on earth awhile in man to burn
With bright and transient gleams and then
expire :

Thy reign no bounds — thy flight has no
return.

Thy course, forever onward, cannot learn
The mystery of thy being ; nor thought
define,

Nor yet the workings of thyself discern.
Must Reason then o'er thee her power resign,
Nor hope to know thy destiny — thy source
divine ?

II.

Waked into birth by Nature's kindly care,
And from his silent slumbers roused to fill
The measure of the soul, who shall declare
The limits of that high, mysterious skill,
That taught the noblest powers of mind
distil
From Nature's works their sweets, nor yet to
find
Throughout the valley, verdant plain, or hill,
A spot whereon to rest in peace resigned,
But yet must rove through all creation un-
confine

III.

Such is the flight that Genius takes around
The viewless regions of the boundless skies,
That naught of sight remains unseen, or sound
Unheard in all the lovely tones that rise
In song, or scenes designed for mortal eyes ;

But varied views and harmonies, combined
By Nature's plastic hand, with glad surprise
Do charm the finer feelings of the mind,
And blend in that consistent piece, by heaven
designed.

IV.

Borne on the ceaseless wings of time along,
Like burning stars that shoot athwart the
sky,
Now seen to fall, and now his course prolong —
Now to depart, yet ever linger nigh —
Immortal Genius wings his way on high,
While Reason's powers her brightest gems
display,
At first to shine, and then in darkness die :
The vast extent of earth and air survey,
Nor yet the laws of matter or of mind obey.

V.

His ever kind regard, no favorite knows :

The friend of all — of every art the pride —
Alike on rich and poor his smile bestows,
And gives to them the boon by wealth denied.
To him imagination opens wide
Her shining gates, and quick appears a scene
With every sight, and sound, and sense supplied,
Where gentle rivers roll the hills between,
And shades and fragrant flowers adorn the
vales of green.

VI.

From every grove her fairy forms arise
Clothed in the beauties of eternal spring,
While notes that swell the music of the skies
Are borne aloft on every peaceful wing,
And tuneful echoes make the valleys ring
Responsive to the notes that now display
Their merriment, and now their sorrows
sing ;

All Fancy's image clothed in bright array,
Like visions of ethereal bliss in endless day.

VII.

Yet ever onward down the vale of time,
Beyond the bounds where human vision
soars,
Imagination takes her flight sublime,
And there the scenes of future years ex-
plores ;
While Genius, flying in her train, well stores
The minds he loves with treasures of the
field,
And when returning backward, still adores
The God that made the earth her flowers to
yield,
And opened wide the scenes to him alone
revealed.

VIII.

Nor only to the future doth he fly ;

But backward goes to view the fleeting past,
And see the long forgotten scenes that lie,
By time's and dark oblivion's shade o'ercast,
When first the ocean flowed and earth stood
fast !

He owns no tyrant's sway and knows no
home,

But lives to be adored while time shall last,
Whether he shines beneath the lofty dome,
Or stands amid the ruins of eternal Rome !

IX.

Nor pauses Genius here. He waits not time.

Science receives his radiant flash of light,
When first her sons essay the hill to climb,
Like meteors bursting through the shades of
night

Whose fitful flashes serve their course to
light,

Along that rugged steep where few may go,

Whose summit, once attained, gives pure
delight

To those assembled there ; while those below
Look envious up and sigh for joys they cannot know.

X.

Nor yet alone does Science feel his power.

Her handmaid — heavenly Art — by Genius
led

Triumphant, upward flies the lofty tower

Where sits perfection, on whose lovely head

There rests a crown with glorious wreaths
o'erspread,

Composed of every verdant flower that grows

In wood or vale, while Learning's light is
shed

On all the attributes herself compose ;

To each imparts the light that Nature's works
disclose.

XI.

Beyond th' Atlantic's wave—the land of
song—

Where old republics stood in conscious
pride ;

There Genius held his godlike sway, and long
Received the praise to prince and king de-
nied.

There Eloquence once held dominion wide,
And Sculpture made the sleeping marble rise ;

There Sappho dwelt, and Plato lived and
died ;

There Painting—art divine—displayed a
prize

Might almost win to earth an angel from
the skies.

XII.

Britannia's land has seen a Bacon rise

Whose conquering genius triumphed o'er
dismay.

And Newton's giant mind explore the skies
And teach the light its varied hues display :
The one the deep recess of mind survey —
Its subtle and mysterious march make known :
The other teach what laws the spheres obey,
While they revolve around the eternal
zone :—
Immortal spirits ! Genius claimed them for
his own.

XIII.

Yet other climes have had their fav'rite few,
Who sought the prize the child of Genius
gains,
And other times have seen them well pursue
The trackless, rayless path that heaven
ordains.
'T was thus—oppressed with penury's gall-
ing chains,
While foaming waves in restless eddies
whirled —

Columbus left his native hills and plains,
And to the fitful breeze his sails unfurled,
Far toward the setting sun, and found the
Western world.

XIV.

On this fair land has Genius fixed his eyes :
What though her lovely sons have not displayed
The brightest gem that in her bosom lies ;
Yet here are opening flowers that cannot fade.
What though nor rank, nor noble birth has made
Them known to fame ; yet here shall they obtain
The rich reward to worth and merit paid.
Though void of patronage that kings ordain,
Yet they shall live and shine in Freedom's
happy reign.

XV.

Let Genius here his nobler powers display —

With living laurels crown the Statesman's
fame ;

Let Liberty here shine with purest ray,

And youthful Patriots guard the sacred
flame !

Here let the Muse's deathless notes proclaim
The beauty of the bright and glittering
gems

That shine around immortal Franklin's
name,

Till every tongue the ruthless hand con-
temns

That tears one wreath from off our nation's
diadems.

XVI.

Let virtue's consecrated temple rise

From its broad basis to the lofty spire ;

Of Genius claim the holy sacrifice

That love, and hope, and truth divine in-
spire.

Let folly, sin and crime in shame retire ;

Let proud oppression meet his fearful doom,

And hated vice with mournful sighs expire ;

Let Freedom live the while in vernal bloom,

And sing her solemn dirge around the Pat-
riot's tomb !

THE SELF-DEVOTED.



The Self-Dedoted.

I.

HAIL to the Patriot's fame!—To virtue, hail!

All praise be due to pity's melting tear,
And perished heroes mourn with deepest
wail!

With sorrow see the tyrant's power appear,
His dark'ning spirit thirsting for revenge
With appetite which time nor chance can
change.

Thrice hail to him unterrified by fear,
And joyful be the land that gave him birth;
For there hath Nature placed the noblest pride
of earth

II.

Know ye the land such various tale can tell?

Felt ye the Patriot's love and tyrant's hate,
That on the hope of freedom mingled fell?

Saw ye the dark'ning frowns of coming fate?
Or heard ye then the sympathetic sigh,
And saw the tear that flowed at danger nigh?

O, mournful is the Muse that shall relate
The sufferings and the perils of the brave,
Who sought and won the honors that survive
the grave!

III.

Long time the fearless host of haughty France
Opposed the march of England's dread
array,

When proud KING EDWARD bade his force ad-
vance,

To seal the fate of that eventful day,
To Calais, which so soon was doomed to bring

Defeat or triumph proud to Albion's king.

To storm the town, in vain he might essay ;
Her gates were strong — her battlements were
high —

Her everlasting watch-towers reached the
vaulted sky !

IV.

But yet for him no work too great appeared,
No flaming brands, nor poisoned darts he
threw :

No arms prepared, nor mighty engines reared
He then, to break the strong inclosures
through ;

For thought he not by force to win the day,
But waited for, of time, the slow decay.

To France a foe, but to his purpose true,
Alike his care — unheard the battle's din —
To heed the storm without, and watch the fire
within.

V.

Before the town he placed his hostile band,
With fosse and mound so strongly fortified,
That all the host combined of Gallia's land,
To raise the siege both long and vainly tried,
Till famine's gnawing pains upon them came,
And well-nigh perished then their deathless
fame.

But though their wasted forms in vain had
died,
Their spirits slumbered not within the grave :
Each soul was thought to live and animate the
brave !

VI.

Thrice had the golden harvest graced the
plain
Since the victorious KING the siege began ;
Thrice had the sickle reaped the yellow grain,
Since brave Vienne had led his warlike clan

Against the opposing foe. All Europe seemed
Intent while bright opposing weapons gleamed.

At length grim famine, wasting, man by
man,

His troops away, became to Albion's land
A weapon stronger far than sword or battle
brand !

VII.

Each man, grown desperate now with long de-
lay,

With double vengeance armed himself for
fight ;

Forth from the gates they came in full array,
Their swords from out their scabbards flash-
ing bright,

And thirsting for the blood of foemen slain,
Which they did imprecate might spread the
plain.

The conflict came, and bloody was the
sight ;

Swift then the life-destroying weapons sped,
And thick around were seen the dying and
the dead.

VIII.

The battle o'er—their chief was captive
made,

And many brave were numbered with the
slain.

There's no sepulchral tomb wherein they're
laid,

In mingled heaps they're buried on the
plain.

All who survived, within the walls retired,
But Freedom's holy zeal had not expired,

For brave men smile when foemen mock
their pain.

The light of peace they hardly hoped to see;
And, though in body bound, in spirit they
were free!

IX.

The good ST. PIERRE, a man of humble birth,
Who stood in virtue's walk exalted high,
Who, not of gold, but merit, gained his worth,
Whose soul than earth was fitter for the
sky —

The chief of this so patriotic band,
Would fain capitulate to leave the land,
And yield his foes the crown of victory,
If England's monarch truly should declare
The army might depart and breathe in freedom's air.

X.

The king, with much pretended mercy filled,
And breathing sighs of hypocritic grief
For patriotic men so basely killed,
In perjured pity, feigned to grant relief.
He meditated long, when thus he spake :
“The mildest terms that can atonement make

For your rebellious acts, is for your chief
To give six men of highest birth and rank,
To expiate by death the blood your swords
have drank.”

XI.

The message came. Deep silence then ensued ;
Quick every face was pale from sore dismay,
And consternation's wildest look pursued
Them all, and ruled with undisputed sway.
Each gazed on each—their eyes to heaven
they raised—
They cursed their chains—their God invoked
and praised.

From morn till night of that eventful day,
Loud sighs were heard, and tears were seen to
flow,
While every look betrayed their deep, unuttered woe!

XII.

At length ST. PIERRE the weeping throng addressed :

“My friends ! an awful crisis has arrived.
Our wives so dear—our infants long caressed—

Shall they from us be torn, of life deprived ?
Or must we, severing, quite, the social tie,
Behold our daughters, robbed of virtue, die ?

Our sires from whom our being was derived,
Our good preservers — our defenders brave —
Shall we abandon to an ignominious grave ?

XIII.

“No ! Heaven forbid ! O, never be it said,
That we our fathers and our friends betrayed !

A crown of glory waits the martyr's head,
And willing let the sacrifice be made.

What hope ! what dread alternative remains,

Whereby we can escape the tyrant's chains?

Who stands in virtue's purest robes arrayed?

He who will yield himself a sacrifice,

Shall be approved of God and angels when he dies ! ”

XIV.

He ceased, and there was heard a stifled sigh ;

A fearful silence then pervaded all ;

Each looked around for those self-doomed to die —

For those resolved to save their country's fall !

ST. PIERRE the theme resumed : “ The honor great,

To be the first to meet a martyr's fate,

’T were base to claim ; and baser still, to call
For victims who the pains of death defy,
While I should seek to live, or meanly fear to die !

XV.

“I freely give myself a sacrifice !

Who next will come ?” “Your son,” a youth
replied,

And with unwonted glory beamed his eyes.

“My godlike child ! Twice, *twice* shall I
have died !

But no ! I shall have twice begotten thee,
For thou art born the child of Liberty.

Thy years are few, but full !” the father
cried,

“For virtue’s self has reached her utmost goal,
When she has gained the high perfection of
the soul.

XVI.

“Who next, to die for country will rejoice ?”

“Your kinsman !” was the loud, emphatic
cry.

“Who next ?” “Your kinsman !” cried a
manly voice.

“ Who next ? ” “ Your kinsman ! ” was the quick reply.

One more was claimed for sacrifice complete—
Loud cries — (as if an echo did repeat) —

Were heard, and thousand voices rose on
high —

And when from these a choice by lot was
made,

The self-devoted band were all in chains arrayed.

XVII.

Barefoot they walked with ropes their necks
about,

And to SIR WALTER, then, the keys they
gave ;

The gates were opened and their friends came
out

Who wept their fate, and mourned, but
could not save.

Of those they begged to take their last farewell;

And O, such parting scene, what tongue can
tell !

What mercy calm affliction's burning wave ?
They clung around — embraced — and pros-
trate fell :

They groaned — they wept aloud — and, hope-
less, sighed farewell !

XVIII.

Throughout the English camp their groans
were heard,

And tidings came of what in Calais passed.
Deep sighs of pity followed every word,

And flowed their burning tears of sorrow fast.
The proud, victorious band a feast prepared,
And gave, of which the famished army shared.

Of brave and self-devoted friends, at last,
They took their leave, and homeward sped
that day,
Foes giving all the food their strength could
bear away.

XIX.

The brave ST. PIERRE and fellow-victims
came :

SIR WALTER led them to the vengeful king.
From out their tents came all of English
name,

To praise the courage and the love that
bring

The mental power on death could smiling
gaze,

Nor seem elate to hear the highest praise,

Nor fear to feel the monarch-archer's sting.
The iron chains the doomed heroes bore
Were nobler diadems than ever sovereign wore.

XX.

When they his presence reached, the monarch
spake :

“Are these, SIR WALTER, the chief men of
Calais ?

And did the people no resistance make ? ”

“ Chief of the world ! my Liege, not EDWARD’S
palace —

If virtuous acts ennoble aught the soul —

E’er had the man within its proud control,

Who could like these partake the poisoned
chalice.

They ’re self-devoted — self-delivered — brave !

Who’ve nobly lived and proudly seek the
martyr’s grave.

XXI.

The king his angry thoughts full well concealed

When thus he feigned to speak his quiet
mind :

“ Experience has to me the truth revealed,

That mercy not with safety is combined.

While lenity to foes doth crimes invite,

One bold example strikes them with affright.

I would that mercy’s prayer a place could
find

Within my heart ; then, " Live ! " should be
my cry ;
But no ! stern Justice speaks : " *Go, lead
these men to die !* "

XXII.

The whispering breeze, that now was floating
by,
The silken folds bore on its trembling
wings
Of victory's banner, and the purple sky
Frowned on the haughtiest of conquering
kings.
Triumph was riding in his curtained car :
Success had led the chariot-wheels of war,
And all the joys that brilliant conquest
brings
Flushed the fair face and fired the tranquil
gaze
Of Albion's Queen, approaching, crowned with
royal bays.

XXIII.

Now sounds of triumph rang throughout the
camp ;

PHILLIPPA came, and led a gallant band ;
Of warlike steeds was heard the hasty tramp,
As hither came the flower of her proud
land.

SIR WALTER flew the approaching Queen to
meet,

To her the mournful story to repeat.

She sought her king — she fell and clasped
his hands —

She clung like tender vine upon the oak,
Then sighed aloud — for mercy prayed — and,
weeping, spoke :

XXIV.

“ ’Tis not to those who rear the yellow grain,
Or those but skilled in some mechanic art ;
Nor those who lead the flocks upon the plain,

That I would freedom give or life impart.
Think you, my Liege, your foes you've doomed
to death?

Themselves they've doomed with one united
breath.

Not love for them alone has touched my
heart ;

But love for thee, my EDWARD dear, my
king !

Spare them ! I'll deck your brows with ever-
greens of spring.

XXV.

"For if they die, 't is by command thine own ;
Nor would the royal word be then obeyed.

As you regard the honor of your throne,
Now let your will and vengeful arm be
stayed.

Let not our country feel disgrace upon her :
The stage of death, to them 's a stage of honor.

On EDWARD's name let not a blot be made ;

This act would stain his conquests deep with
shame,
And give to them the stamp of everlasting fame !

XXVI.

“ We cannot take from them the honor great,
Which they by death so nobly did intend ;
But this, O help them not to consummate,
And to our country’s shame such aid to lend.
But pardon them, and send with gifts away,
And this will be a long remembered day :
Thereby defeat what ever will attend,
That those who bravely die in virtue’s cause,
Will carry to their graves the people’s loud
applause.”

XXVII.

“ You have prevailed, and be it so ;” replied
The king. “ Now let them be before us
brought,
As kinsmen — friends to us by blood allied —

And quick dispel the sorrows we have
wrought.”

They came, and thus the queen her speech
resumed :

“ Natives of France ! — by wasting grief consumed —

Forgive my king the ruin he has sought.
Although with us a wicked war you ’ve made,
We see your virtues bright — your errors in
the shade.

XXVIII.

“ We snatch you from the scaffold — loose
your chains,

And bid you to your friends and kindred go ;
And while to you the gift of life remains,
Cease not to us your gratitude to show.

We’re bound to you with more endearing
ties,

Since you would die a willing sacrifice.

Take ye the gifts that EDWARD will bestow :

For fame, proud rivals ; but to virtue, friends ;
High honors shall await when death your be-
ing ends.”

XXIX.

“My God ! my blissful hope !” — exclaimed
ST. PIERRE ;

“Is this an angel that before me stands ?
And are the gates of heaven unfolding here ? —
Proud England’s Queen ! — I wait for your
commands.

But O, my country ! — now I fear for thee ;
The dangers that await, methinks I see.

But mayst thou ever stand with guiltless
hands !

How bright to me the truth this day imparts,
That EDWARD conquers cities, but PHILLIPPA,
hearts.”

XXX.

Away, with light and joyous tread, they flew

To meet their friends, who left them doomed
to die !

Soft every sound and pleasant every view
That meet the wondering ear and weeping
eye.

Than mourning then, scarce now their joy is
less :

They praise their God and their deliverer
bless.

They meet — embrace — exchange a joyous
sigh ;

For mercy sweet — blest attribute of heaven —
Had touched the conqueror's heart, and they
were all forgiven.

N O T E S.

Edward III. of England.

Phillippa, the Queen.

Count Vienne, Commander of the fortress of Calais.

Eustace St. Pierre, successor to Count Vienne.

Sir Walter Manney, the messenger sent by Edward to
offer terms of capitulation.

THE LOVES OF THE LAKES.

The Lobes of The Lakes.

I.

“LET there be light!”—said Nature’s King, God is L
And angels flew with instant wing,
And fanned to flame the burnished sun,
And lit the stars, “and it was done.”
“Let there be love!”—hath said no voice,
Yet every being doth rejoice
That sweetest smiles and softest sighs
Are born of love’s celestial eyes.
Love is, and was before was light,
And claims her as his daughter bright,
Father of all that’s pure above,
For He that made the light is love.

II.

Love pervades all things.

Not living things alone do feel
The flame, for Nature's works reveal
The passion in the trees and flowers,
In light and shade, in dews and showers ;
In sparklings of the little rill,
And features of the laughing hill ;
In twinklings of the distant stars,
And in the smiles of crystal spars,
That gem the bosom of the earth ;
In every form of matter's birth,
In lake and stream, in hill and plain,
And in the flowings of the main,
And curlings of the fleecy clouds
That deck the hills in snowy shrouds ;
In ocean's waves, all sparkling bright,
That woo to love the queen of Night.

III.

Seeks solitude.

O solitude! where'er thy home,

There Nature's faithful lovers come,
And breathe their passions in the breeze
That sighs among the whispering trees
And murmurings of the waterfall ;
And echo, answering to the call
Of voices from the gladsome shade,
All tell of loves that God hath made.

IV.

There lived a maiden Valley, bright
In youthful beauty, and the light
That kindled up her smiling face,
And her new robes of green, a grace
Had given to win the softest air,
To sport with curls of golden hair,
That careless o'er her bosom hung,
And such enchanting beauty flung
Around her neck, that bashful stood
The Clouds above the lofty wood,
And looking on her virgin-form
Politely stayed the coming storm.

A beautiful
valley.

The clouds,
s.ack with
her beauty,
withhold the
storm

V.

The hills and
mountains
enamored of
her.

Then op'ed their eyes the Hills and Moun-
tains,

And weeping from intense delight,
Their sobs awoke the silver Fountains
That sparkled on their cheeks like light.
They saw the form that near them lay—
So ravishing her beauty seemed,
Around her such a glory gleamed,
They thought she was the queen of May.
They would have fallen at her feet,
And bade the Zephyr's voice repeat
The sweetest sighs and songs of love
That beauty could to passion move ;
But she, with waving of her hand,
And eye uplifting, bade them stand.

VI.

A lofty hill
serenades her
with music of
birds.

And while they stood, a goodly throng
As ever wooed a beauteous maid,

A noble Hill beneath the shade
Had gathered all the birds of song
To give his love a serenade ;
And as the music swelled among
His brother Hills, they raised their ears,
And listened to the charming sound,
As echo bore the notes around,
So sweetly wild and softly sharp,
Some swore the Valley played the harp,
Some thought it "music of the spheres."

VII.

The Valley caught with willing ear
The chastened song of serious love,
And answering with a humble tear,
She turned her trusting eyes above,
And thus her young affections blessed
The loftiest of the lofty Hills,
And he his lovely one caressed
With music of the murmuring Rills ;

The valley returns his love, and their nuptials are celebrated amidst the music of nature.

Their mutual vows in silence breathed,
Their brows with bridal chaplets wreathed ;
The Clouds that had their secret kept,
Retired behind the Hills, and wept ;
As Hymen caught the youthful pair,
In meshes of his silken snare,
The Sun cast in his golden tide —
Beheld the joining of their hands,
And Nature gave a dower of lands,
And Dews of evening kissed the bride.

VIII.

Bright Summer brought them smiling skies
And garlands of the sweetest flowers ;
The Clouds gave soft refreshing showers
Pure as the drops from angels' eyes ;
Fruits ripe and mellow Autumn bore,
And sparkling wines illumed their store ;
While Winter lent them robes of white,
And Luna was their lamp at night ;

The seasons
bring bridal
gifts.

Spring caused their frozen tears to flow,
Some were of joy, and some of woe ;
Torn were their whitened robes away :
 The Mountain rugged seemed and old,
 His features rough with Winter's cold :
 The Valley wore a calmer face
 And something of a matron grace
 She had, yet moved with strange emotion,
While, resting on her bosom, lay,
 And peaceful as an infant ocean,
A sleeping Lake of purest water —
Sweet pledge of love, their beauteous daughter.

An infant
lake is born.

IX.

By mountain Rivulets she was fed,
 And gave the skies their softest dew ;
The tears of Night for her were shed,
 And passing fair her beauty grew ;
She loved the torrent and the flood ;
 She fountains drank that never failed

And when she grew to womanhood,
Our lady was SUPERIOR hailed !

X.

Her fame beyond the Mountains flew :

The Rivers learned her name, and praised,
And long desired her form to view,

But Hills opposing barriers raised.

Then like the brave and valiant knight
Who proves his courage in the fight,

The Rivers boldly war declared,

And for the conflict all prepared :

They summoned all the little Rills

To join them in their bold crusade
Against the horde of haughty Hills ;

The Gulfs to deepen they were bade,
Till, with the Storms and Waterfalls
Themselves could undermine the walls.

XI.

Piecemeal, the battlements were worn

Away, while here a turret fell,

Her fame
spreads
abroad.

The rivers de-
clare war
against the
hills.

There from its bed a rock was torn ;
 The Waters, with a desperate swell,
 O'erleaped their empire's ancient bound,
 And through the heights a passage found ;
 Then rolling on, their bosoms bore
 The wealth of all the mountain-store,
 The richest gems of dazzling sheen,
 And verdure of the gayest green,
 And fruits perfumed with odors sweet,
 And laid them at their mistress' feet.

The hills are
 overcome,
 and the rivers
 bear the
 wealth of the
 mountains
 and lay it at
 the feet of the
 Lady Super-
 rior

XII.

At this she seemed somewhat confused ;
 A crimson blush her cheek suffused,
 And fain would she avoid their eyes ;
 But when on her a glance they threw,
 Her smiles gave back their image true
 With deep, but unrepenting sighs.
 They crowned her with the wreaths they
 brought,
 Of evergreens unfading wrought ;

The Ladys
 modesty.

The rivers
pledge their
love.

They swore she was their life, their light,
The source from whence they gained their
might ;

For her they made the Hills unfold
Their precious stores of gems and gold,
And vainly sought their faith to prove :
Would she not hear their tale of love?
She listened to their wanton song ;
She listened oft and listened long :
Their loves illicit, virtue wept,
While all the earth deep mourning kept.
That hour ! of vice the fated morn,
Gave sad forebodings of the day,
When, all her honor swept away,
To her two infant Lakes were born.

Birth of two
lakes.

XIII.

Their natures
noble but dis-
similar.

The youths grew up to man's estate,
Not greatly good, but nobly great ;
And if unlike their natures seemed,

It was not that for worldly good
The manly virtues of the Flood
Had been by them unworthy deemed.

XIV.

One solitary grew and gay,
And to the forest bent his way ;
Just like a bachelor he sung,
“ I ’m thirty, handsome, rich and young :
If, when I ’m forty, fair to view,
And beautiful the maid shall be,
I ’ll search the world around, and woo
The fairest lady of the Sea.”
His form he decked with flowers around —
His head with Green-Bay laurels crowned ;
Time came and furrowed deep his brow,
His whiskers singed and stole his hair,
And he is old and altered now,
Once MICHIGAN, the young and fair.

Michigan the
gay Bachelor

XV.

Huron, the
warrior, was
a virgin lake.

The other grew a warrior, and
For very love of war's commotion,
He sought to conquer all the land,
And make himself a mighty ocean.
With courage fearful and sublime,
Yet feelings and affections warm,
He dared the highest hills to climb,
And claim alliance with the Storm.
As on he rushed, all sparkling bright
With foam, and crest of snowy white.
That told him conscious of his might,
A modest maiden met his view,
All lovely in her virgin-pride —
He saw — he loved, and soon did woo
The lady to become his bride.

XVI.

Her char-
acter and
beauty.

She was a pious little dame,
With glossy hair and sparkling eyes,

And beauty, though unknown to fame,
Had claimed her as her dearest prize.
The cascades of the shining streams
That leaped upon her bosom, seemed
Like bracelets on her arms, as beams
Of silver moonlight on them gleamed :—
The springs, that from the mountain's side
Fell on her brow so bright and fair,
Gave back her smiles with twinkling pride,
Like diamonds sparkling in her hair :
The veil that fell around her feet,
Wove of the clouds' ethereal part,
Her bosom's quick elastic beat
Betokened her the pure in heart.

XVII.

The sun had sunk in triumph down,
As dies the warrior on the field
Of glory, and a burnished shield
Of clouds reflected back the frown
Of Night, who held with silken ties

A great festi-
val is made,
and Huron
weds Lady
Clair.

The crimson curtains of the skies ;
The moon was up, and shone her light
Full brightly on the festal night ;
The guests assembled from the woods,
Made merry with the merry floods ;
 “The hills were joyful ” at the sight,
On tip-toe stood the cloudy lands,
And raised to heaven their snowy hands,
 And bathed them in its silver light ;
“Floods clapped their hands” with noisy
 mirth ;
The mermaids rose and combed their hair ;
The hills gave many a fountain birth,
 And birds with music filled the air ;
The water-nymphs, with strings of pearl,
 Appeared from every hallowed spring ;
The fairies gathered in a ring,
And nimbly danced with dizzy whirl ;
 So passed away the joyous night ;
So bright the circle of the fair —
 So jocund was the nuptial rite
When HURON wedded LADY CLAIR.

XVIII.

A very honest life they led,
For though they were too proud to labor,
They, as it often has been said,
Were never known to cheat a neighbor.
Some taxes from the country round
They got—from debt were always free ;
For preaching never gave a pound,
But paid a tribute to the sea.
They caught no colds when came a thaw,
And had no notion of a doctor ;
And as they never went to law,
They knew not advocate or proctor.
They were not very fond of schools,
Yet had some gleamings bright of knowl-
edge,
Derived to them by unknown rules,
For sure they never went to college.
They valued much their mental health,
Their moral and their social wealth ;

•

Relations new had made them rich,
Or poor—unknown exactly which;
The sun dissolved their robes of white,
Destroyed their frozen charms, and bright
Aurora led the morning on,
 When spring called forth their swollen tide
 And they, with fond parental pride,
Embraced a daughter and a son.

XIX.

The harp of ERIE's softened tone
Gave sweetest music to the ear
When o'er its silver strings were thrown
The touches of the lightest finger,
And music made the waters linger,
 And give to her a hallowed tear;
And vows of love were vainly made,
For like a vestal she arrayed
Herself in robes of fringed green,
And vowed to live a "maiden queen."

Erie learns
music and
makes a vow
of celibacy.

XX.

ONTARIO struck a sterner lyre :

No soft emotions did he feel,

But in his bosom burned the fire

Of conquest, and the crimson steel

Gave him a more entranced delight

Than looks of love from "ladies bright ;"

He would have conquered all the land

And with the ocean made alliance,

But powers of Nature formed a band,

And met him with a bold defiance :

And where Niagara's voice doth raise

To heaven sublimest songs of praise,

They set the everlasting rock,

His ineffectual power to mock,

And on its long enduring piers,

Uprising from th' abyss below,

They raised to heaven the golden bow,

A sign of peace for countless years.

Ontario is a
warrior, am-
bitious of
conquests.

Powers of
Nature arrest
his progress.



Moral Beauty.

THERE is a beauty of the outward form,
And of the inward thought. Nature hath bent
The rivers into gentle windings — sent
The trees in lofty columns up, and clothed
Their branching arms with strength ; their
fingers tipped
With leaves, to fan the cooling air that breathes
Upon them life and vigor. Who shall tell
The unwritten thoughts which swell the soul,
when paints
The sun the glory of the flowers that deck
The plain ? How drinks the eye the hues of
light
That tint the bud and each unfolding leaf
With lines the pencil may not imitate ?

All beautiful are these ; and beautiful
And fair are all the forms that God hath made.
But fairest of the forms of earth are those,
The beings made the image of himself.
Man's beauty is not of external form
Alone ; for God himself no outward shape
Hath taken. But the soul, th' immortal part,
The sparkling of divinity within,
According as its aspirations are
For high and holy things, or base and low,
Gives him a nobler or a meaner look.
His outward acts affect his inward thoughts ;
For, as a sainted bard hath truly sung :
“ Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.”

Does moral beauty, then, the fairer make
The personal ? The smile of woman is,
Than man's more bright, and purer in her love.
Who asks the cause ? She was not found
among

The crowd that scourged and crowned with
 thorns the Son

Of man. She followed Jesus as her Lord,
And poured the precious ointment on his head ;
His feet perfumed with holy oil, and wiped
Them with her hair. For this was woman
 blessed.

Jesus raised from the dead the widow's son ;
And Martha blessed him that he called to life
Her brother. She that touched his garment's
 hem

Was healed. And when the dews of evening
 fell,

The latest eye that gazed upon the cross
Where died the world's Redeemer, and the
 first,

When morning light appeared, that saw his
 grave,

Was woman's. She, with balm and spices,
 sought

Him at the tomb, and wept her Saviour's death.

This is the history of woman's love
And beauty. She has ever been the hope
Of the afflicted, and distress looks not
In vain to her for help. She has been found
The minister of comfort and of peace.
That she may ever bless the world with love,
Shall be the hope of him, whose trust in her
The inspiration gave that woke these thoughts.

A Book.

"See to your book : ———— let it be
An index to your life — each page be pure ,
By vanity unclouded, and by vice
Unspotted. Cheerful be each modest leaf,
Not rude ; and pious be each written page.
Without hypocrisy, be it devout :
Without moroseness, be it serious ;
If sportive, innocent ; and if a tear
Blot its whole margin, let it drop for those
Whose wickedness needs pity more than hate.
Hate *no one* — hate their *vices*, not themselves.
Spare many leaves for charity — that flower,
That, better than the rose's first white bud,
Becomes a woman's bosom. There we seek,
And there we find it first. Such be your book,
And such ———— always may you be."

BRAINARD.

LIFE is a book of many pages — writ
In characters that shall endure : and they
Who trace upon its leaves of purest white,
Signs visible to human eyes, should keep
The record free from stain or blot, nor let
A passage there be found, that is not well
Approved of conscience and the laws of truth.
But lines there may be, far too faint for sight

Of men, by wisdom or by folly traced ;
For all the nicer shades of sentiment,
Of thought and feeling — fears of coming ill,
Or hopes of future good — are written plain.
And, though invisible to human eyes,
Are legible to the all-seeing One.

A Book! — It is a name of doubtful import.
It may be good, or bad ; or mixed of both,
And party-colored as the rainbow's hues.
O that its sacred name were not abused,
Nor darkened chapters in it found ; but like
The elements combined, of that bright bow
Of promise, it were ever pure and light.
Though its exterior form be fair, and bright
The symbols that convey its inward thoughts,
And though its index point to highest themes,
And golden letters print its title-page,
Composed of vanity may be the tale
It tells, and spotted vice may mar its leaves ;
For e'en the silken folds that dress it up

In beauty, may a wicked word or thought
Conceal. Whether in high or humble strains
It speak, let it be pure. For greatest minds
Are worst, if virtue finds not in them friends.
But intellects obscure shall be approved
Of heaven, and honored be the page that
 breathes,
Though rudely wrought its outer garments
 are,
Of virtue, truth, fidelity and love.
Whatever tales the book of human life
May tell, let cheerful piety breathe through
Them all, and smiles of holy joy illumine
What else were dark and of a gloomy shade.
With innocence let sweet amusement flow,
And modest worth preside o'er every line.

Who that would always wish for sunnyskies?
Or who, enjoying them, would ever know
The beauty of the rain-drop's crystal smile?
Pure is the look of light in summer's noon ;

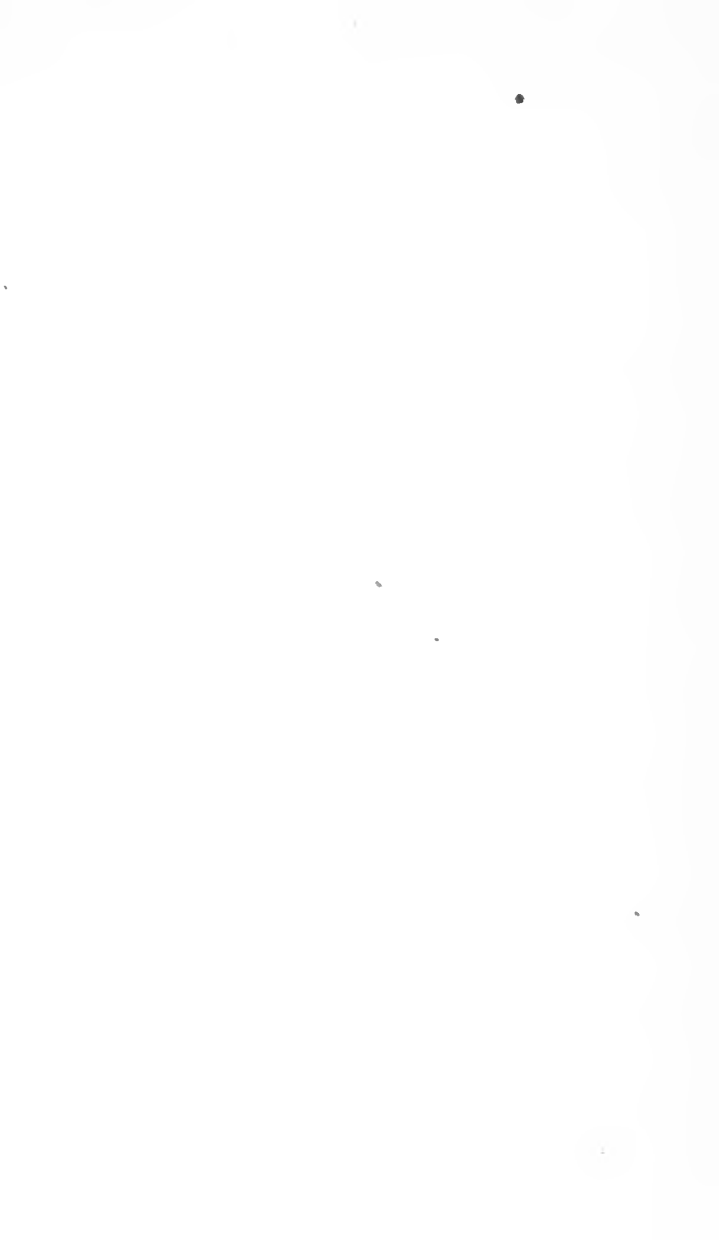
But purer is the dew-drop's morning face,
And purer still, and holier far, the tear
That falls, if sweet affection bids it flow.
Let Pity claim a kindred drop from those
Whose deep emotions swell the fount of love.

If in that volume there are pages, more
Than others bright, go read their contents
through,
And of the social feelings speak the praise.
The air they breathe, with sympathy is sweet ;
They go with Charity to light the hearth
Where rises, night and morn, the widow's
prayer ;
The child of want they never can forget —
The homeless daughter, or the orphan boy.

Where burn these feelings brightest? He
that knows
The depth of woman's love, can answer this.
And when does she, of those deep feelings, show

The loveliest, purest, best ? 'T is when she gives
Her heart to be another's, trusting all
To him that finds in her his highest joy.
As when, with her baptismal vow, she gave
Her soul to heaven, she gives her love to him,
With high and holy trust that shall not fail.
Help him, angels of love, the precious boon
To keep, and make him worthy of the gift.
- Their mutual faith, may virtue's power protect,
And Hope to happiness shall lead the way :
And Truth shall write the story of their joys,
And it shall be the Book of Human Life.

Another Book there is, "The Book of books;"
A Book to Virtue's friends forever dear,
And dearest when the pledge affection gives.
Let it an index be to point the way
To the bright pages of the "Book of Life,"
And its sublime and holy teachings prove
A guide and monitor to make this life
A preparation for the Life to come.



The Hearth-Stone.

Pro Aris et Focis.—CICERO.

DEEP in the solitude
Of the darkened wood,
Where never hut had stood,
 With hammer alone,
Fast by a ledge of rocks,
A man of youthful locks,
With oft repeated knocks,
 Had shaped a hearth-stone.

With trunks of trees, he there,
In rudely measured square,
Built up a cottage where
 She he loved would come :
With lusty arm and lone,

He raised and bore the stone,
While Hope alone looked on,
To his rustic home.

Years have passed away ;
'T is a bright morn in May ;
Children are at play —
A daughter and son.
A happy home is there,
And the bright altar, where
Uprise both praise and prayer,
Is the old hearth-stone.

Day swiftly follows day ;
The world calls them away —
Those children at their play —
Sister and brother.
Far, far away they roam,
But back to blessings come,
To happy hearth and home,
For father, mother.

Another year has fled,
And one of these is dead ;
For him a prayer is said,
 Each day returning :
The other, aged grown,
With widowed heart, alone,
Upon the old hearth-stone
 Keeps love's light burning.

And there, by day or night,
That flame of holiest light
She watcheth sweetly bright,
 And will not falter ;
O God ! such love that gave,
When she is in the grave,
That ancient hearth-stone save !
 It is thine Altar.

A D D R E S S

Spoken at the opening of the Buffalo Theater,

JUNE 22, 1835.

HAIL to thee, City!—the home of the free!

Come thou, the child of the Drama to
greet,

Hail to thy children as well as to thee!—

The child of the Drama, they joyous shall
meet.

Ye, who have listened to the son of song,

While oft with angel-touch he swept the
lyre;

Ye, who of music would the notes prolong,

Or feel the flame that Genius may inspire ;
Ye, who would praise the arts divine, that
make

The lifeless marble into being wake,
And to the canvas rude, the hues impart,
That bid to life the form of beauty start —
Let nobler sentiments your minds engage —
Salute ye now the Genius of the Stage!

The Drama comes, we trust, a welcome
guest,
And owns your home the Mistress of the
West.

Alive to finer feelings of the soul,
Let Genius now your willing hearts control.
And here may virtue's purest spirit breathe
On him whose brow the laurels love to
wreath.

Let sympathy, with sweet amusement flow,
To cheer, with blissful hopes, the heirs of
woe.

Let Charity, the child of heaven, descend —

In him she'll find a brother and a friend.
The orphan's grief he soothes with accents
 mild,
While yet he owns himself a joyless child.

O'er all the world is Genius doomed to
 roam —

With thee, fair City, may he find a home.
He chose thee, from the little and the great,
The fairest daughter of the "Empire State."
Though here no gods of Love or Hymen
 dwell,
Of which the Bard's impassioned verse may
 tell,

Yet here, a lofty Spirit hath appeared,
Whose mighty genius bright improvements
 reared,

And bade a sterner love its fires awake,
When Neptune wooed the "Lady of the
 Lake."

Full many a generous heart, hath cradled
 Erie's wave ;

Full many an honored tomb, hath given to
the brave!

No higher praise is due to England's fame —
No brighter honors crown her Nelson's
name,

Than were bestowed upon our country's
powers,

When Perry met the foe and made them
“ours!”

May thus a poet rise, of envied name,
And emulate the Bard of Avon's fame.

Then may he sing the glories of the mighty
slain!

Of those who lie entombed on Chipp'wa's
battle-field;

And those who, fighting, died, while notes
of thunder pealed

Their funeral dirge at Queenston Heights and
Lundy's Lane!

Know ye, of old the morning stars together
sung?

Heard ye the wildly rapturous music of the
spheres?

Then listen to the notes that swell through
endless years,

Like gravest sounds harmonious lisped from
angel's tongue!

Thy voice, O great Niagara, hath such music
made :

Thy solemn tones remain unaltered yet by
time ;

Then roll thou on, in might and majesty
sublime —

For Nature loves thy everlasting serenade !

These are the themes to swell the poet's
song —

These to the Drama and the Muse belong.

When they shall bid the slumbering mind
awake,

Then, every valley, mountain, wood and
lake,

Arrayed in foliage dark, or living green,
Shall start to life, and animate the scene.

Then Nature, with her splendid panorama,
Will lend her thousand charms to grace the
Drama!

THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE.



The Hero of the Plague.

I.

AWAKE, ye finer feelings of the soul !

Love, friendship, hope, and soft affection,
wake !

Arise, ye finer passions that control

The hardened hearts yourselves alone can
make :

Come, then, the maniac's look of wild despair,
And madman with the form that demons wear ;

Come, misanthropic foes, and strive to break
The tender ties of Nature's love, that bind
The father to his child, with cords by heaven
designed.

II.

Let cowardice, with fainting heart, appear,
And strive to fright the hero-band away ;
And let the traitor, moved by slavish fear,
Give up his country's rights, to foes a prey.
Let then approach wild Famine's meager form,
While gathering clouds and pestilence and
storm,
With frightful shade obscure the face of
day :
Can all combined dry up affliction's tear,
Or check the sighs that fall from Pity's soul
sincere ?

III.

What though perverted friendship put on hate,
And purest flame of love to loathing turn,
While Fancy's brightest visions all create
The deepest woes that unconsuming burn
Within the secret chambers of the mind,

Like wasting fires in caves of earth confined ;
Yet Friendship, Love, and heavenly Hope
return,
And all unite with softest hand to raise
The sinking soul, nor claim the empty meed
of praise.

IV.

Ask ye where such example can be found ?
'T is in a land upon whose desert plain
What time were heard the melancholy sound
Of woe, and cries of life-dissolving pain,
A proud and heaven-defying city stood ;
Where high and low — the evil and the good,
Alike in desolation did remain ;
On all deep lines of terror were portrayed :
All mourned alike the ravages the plague had
made.

V.

With respiration quick and glaring sight,

With creeping chills and fever's burning
heat,
And thirst, and sickened heart, the man of
might
Was seized, and throbbed his brain with
maddened beat :
With weakened body and more weakened
mind,
To fear and dark despair himself resigned,
A welcome grave he laid him down to meet.
When dead, his tainted clothes the living wore,
Which other men would wear when they
should be no more.

VI.

The child from father — mother — loathing
turned,
While parents left their little ones to die.
With gratitude their hearts no longer burned,
And sundered quite was every social tie.
No word of sympathetic feeling spoken —

Each felt affection's strongest bond was broken —

The dying groan was heard and mournful sigh :

None thought to leave the couch whereon he lay,

Nor hoped to view the brightness of the coming day.

VII.

Pale cowardice heard not th' indignant tone

Of censure, and no generous feeling knew ;

The city had a lonely desert grown,

In every street the grass unwonted grew.

Of every trade and art, was hushed the sound,

All action died, and stillness reigned profound.

One thing alone disturbed th' unchanging view :

It was a sight more gloomy far than all —

At every turn the eye beheld a fun'ral pall !

VIII.

But great as were the labors of the bier,
They were unequal to the works of death.
So vast his conquests, cowards ceased to fear :
To all—the timid and the brave—the
 breath
Of pestilence its rank infection brought,
And ignorance and superstition thought
It was the curse of God :—so little faith
Had they in him — so little hope of heaven,
That many died without one prayer to be for-
 given.

IX.

To save from death, no sign of hope ap-
 peared :
In grave assemblage the physicians came,
And consultation held. Each one revered
The thoughts that fell from him of humblest
 name :

They paused and long deliberation gave,
To save their friends and kindred from the
grave!

There was the prize of everlasting fame,
For him to gain whose soul was soaring high :
It was the glorious prize of immortality !

X.

The plague mysterious character possessed :—
Its cure, 't was hoped, dissection might dis-
close.

But who that work of danger could divest?

The operator soon his life must close.
'T were all in vain for him to hope to live,
Since no physician could an opiate give.

Deep silence came from which no voice
arose ;

And many, but for friends, had on that day,
A passport sought to guide them on their
heavenly way.

XI.

But one of manly beauty rose and said :

“ Can I relieve the dying ? — Be it so !

Let me be numbered with the glorious dead :

What I discover let my country know.

Here by religion's sacred name I swear —

By all that 's dear to me in life declare,

That ere to-morrow's sun his light shall
show,

I will dissect a corpse with careful hand,

And if I perish, 't is not mine, but God's com-
mand ! ”

XII.

The hero forth from the assembly flew.

His fate they all lamented and admired,
But none his unabated courage knew.

They heard him speak by God's own love
inspired ;

They praised his look and eloquence divine,

But doubted still his great and good design.

He spoke, and from their presence quick retired :

Amazed, they thought they had a vision seen—
The majesty of God, or Angel's form serene.

XIII.

Exalted by religion's truths sublime,

By fire of patriot's love that bright'ning
beamed,

By heaven and earth — eternity and time!

The faith he thus had pledged, he thus re-
deemed.

In reputation now exalted high,

With riches blessed that care and want defy,

To her allied that like an angel seemed,

And flattered with the pomp of earthly pride,

He lived, while hopes of country and of kin-
dred died.

XIV.

To him that night was full of heavenly rest ;
No earthly cares his holy thoughts opposed.
The sacrament he took — his sins confessed,
When his unburthened soul itself disclosed
Profuse of bliss and radiant of love,
While charity from her bright home above,
Came down and in his joyous heart reposed.
Then seemed to ope of heaven the portals wide:
His soul to drink of bliss the boundless ocean
tide !

XV.

The shades of night retired. The hour had
come ;
Within his house there had a victim died.
The pestilence had met him at his home,
As if it heard, and to his vow replied.
He shut himself within the fated room,
Full well prepared to meet his certain doom.

He knelt before the crucifix and cried :
“ O God ! — in this deep solitude retired —
Thou wilt the action bless, thou hast thyself
inspired.”

XVI.

“ Lone tenement of an immortal soul ! ” —

Continued he — “ since I on thee can gaze
Without alarm, teach me the plague’s control,

And I will bless of God the secret ways.
Man’s known for good or evil when he dies ;
My life, O God ! shall be thy sacrifice :

My trembling tongue shall ever sing thy
praise,
While thou, I trust, to me the cause wilt show,
That fills our homes with bitterest dregs of
human woe.”

XVII.

All fearless, he the operation closed,
And many curious observations made.

He knew the confidence in him reposed,

And every view his pious work displayed,
With scrutinizing care he quickly penned,
And was prepared to meet his glorious end.

He sought the Lazaretto's dismal shade :
But few short hours to him on earth were
given :

Where is the hero now? Go ask of God in
heaven !

XVIII.

Thus, when his hold on earthly things was
strong :

Himself to one by deep attachments bound—
A dear companion, whom fictitious song
In vain might strive to praise — whose voice
the sound

Of naught could imitate than angel's lyre,
Whose eye beamed bright with love's celestial
fire :

Himself high honored by the world around,

And building fame so eminent and high —
Naught less than heavenly bliss his hopes
could satisfy.

XIX.

Of love, full deep inwoven with his soul,
The tender cords had bound him strong to
earth,
And though submissive to the world's control,
By those beloved to him that owed their
birth,
By those to him that gave his highest joy —
His angel-daughter and his cherub-boy,
And smiling infant, not of lesser worth :
On all he gazed with sadly pleasing smile,
Then turned away, for God's approval cheered
the while.

XX.

His end was nobler and more glorious far,
Than his who dies upon the battle-field.

Not all the princely pomp and pride of war,
In death can such triumphant glories yield.
The soldier rushes on with hope sustained,
That he'll be honored and the victory gained.
To one is death and heaven alone revealed :
The other seeks to gain an earthly prize,
And shouts of fame and victory cheer him
when he dies.

XXI.

But mid the dead, and dying leprous forms,
When naught but terrors of the grave appeared,
And when no light of hope the bosom warms,
THE HERO OF THE PLAGUE, expiring, cheered
His sad companions on their dreary way,
And led their fainting souls to heaven away.
His courage praised—his counsel all revered,
And when away they saw his spirit fly,

They thought they heard him say : “ It is not
hard to die.”*

XXII.

To matter as superior is the mind,
As heavenly scenes are higer than the earth,
So all within the view of man confined,
Inferior is to God that gave it birth.
How great is he who would for country fall !
But greater far and more admired than all
The gods of war, is that physician's worth,
Who those would save by dire diseases tossed ;
But dies and is of bliss in boundless ocean
lost !

* Vide Class. Dic. Art. Pactus.



Song of the Golden Lyre.

DEDICATED TO THE GREAT ARMY OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.

"I L I E N O T."

IN those ages bright but olden,
Called by ancient poets golden,
By Apollo, I was made ;
Gold my frame, and brightly burnished,
Golden sinews to me furnished,
And with diamonds all inlaid.

Sung I once of fields all gory,
By the warrior's deeds of glory,
Sung I requiems of the dead.
When in streams of blood were lying
Men of might, with faintness dying,
Mocked I then the prayers they said.

Led by lust of gold to battle,
Soldiers heard the fearful rattle
 “Arms, on armor clashing,” made ;
Pressed they with their bloody fingers
On my golden chords, where lingers
 Still the golden strains I played.

Brigand, that, on lonely mountain,
Pierced of life the crimson fountain,
 Learned from me the golden strain ;
Pirate, o’er the ocean sailing,
Heard, unmoved, the voice of wailing,
 Drowned by songs of golden gain.

Miser, filling golden coffers,
Avarice, courting fortune’s offers,
 Tried the golden notes to swell ;
Seeking ever golden fountains,
On the desert plains and mountains,
 For they loved my music well.

Merchants, that, to Afric's region,
Went to bring the blackened legion,
Touched with hardened hand my strings ;
Though I knew the monsters human
Sold their fellow-man and woman,
Sung I still of golden things.

Priests, that, for the soul's pollution,
Sold to sinners absolution,
Bid me strike for them a song ;
Thus, once more in ages olden,
I, with heart and sinews golden,
Did the golden notes prolong.

Lover, he that sought a maiden,
One with golden beauty laden,
Listened to my golden voice :—
Maiden, she that heard him lisp her
Name with many a golden whisper,
Did the golden song rejoice.

Man of worth and man of feeling,
Christian at the altar kneeling,
Glittering tales to them were told :
Wealth, not worth, the greatest treasure,
Riches are the rich man's pleasure ;
Poor is he that hath not gold.

By the brink of turbid rivers,
Gathering gold, and chills, and fevers,
And along the rock-bound coast,
See the golden pilgrims standing,
None departing, thousands landing;
Swelling is the golden host.

Loaded are they all with treasure ;
Gold, gold, without weight or measure ;
Begging for a bit of bread ;
Ragged is their rusty clothing,
Love of gold is turned to loathing —
Vultures waiting for the dead.

Hunger hath his work been doing,
Fortune's smile 's not worth the wooing,
At such cruel, countless cost ;
Golden strains unworthy singing ;
Golden harps not worth the stringing ;
Music, labor, life are lost.

Old I am — my voice is wasting —
To decay my form is hasting,
And the songs of old I sung,
Would I now be never singing,
For a voice is in me ringing,
Such as falls from angel's tongue.

Truth, forever bright and solemn,
Anthems, from the holy volume,
Strains I never sung before —
Songs that seraphs sing in Heaven
To my chords shall now be given,
Swelling, ringing, evermore !

Tchoseroron.*

O BEAUTIFUL and softly flowing river,
The gentlest of the torrent's daughters,
Departed hath the forest-child forever,
From the green margin of thy waters.

Thy banks of beauty once were clothed with
wildness ;
Of feeling, then, there was no coldness ;
The bravest heart was tempered well with
mildness,—
The weakest one full high with boldness.

No barge, with whitened sail, the lake was
sweeping ;

* The Indian name for "Big Buffalo Creek," which empties into Lake Erie at Buffalo. See treaty between the United States and the Six Nations, made in 1784.

All round the shore the shades were waving ;
The waters, now, within were sweetly sleeping,
And now the banks were softly laving.

The red man there his bark canoe was rowing,
And woman little ones caressing ;
All beauteous flowers in wild luxuriance grow-
ing ;
Great Spirit ! thou didst give the blessing.

And when the warrior, from the chase return-
ing,
Beheld his children's smiling brightness,
And holy love on fireside altars burning,
His bosom swelled with buoyant lightness.

Here breathed the poetry of love's devotion,
And burst the laugh of bounding gladness ;
The spirit struggled here with deep emotion,
When dimmed its light a shade of sadness.

And when he felt the frost of age advancing,
The chieftain told his thrilling story
To fearless children round the war-fire dancing,
Of deeds that built the hero's glory.

When bound him Death, within his soothing
slumbers,
His tomb unmarked by stone or willow,
Sung then his funeral dirge the wind's wild
numbers,
The moss-grown rock his dying pillow.

Now perished hath his bright, ethereal vision ;
The red man's glory hath departed :
Great Spirit ! grant a sweet Elysium
To beings here but broken-hearted.

'Mid blooming vales and gently rising moun-
tains,
With ivory bow and golden quiver,

Give them, O Heaven, to drink at crystal
fountains,
And hunt along the rolling river.

The arrow's point with string elastic throwing,
Give them to guide with aim unbending ;
O happiness, in peaceful streamlets flowing,
Grant them the bliss of life unending.

Scenery of Lake George.

'TWAS morning ; but, ere yet the radiant sun
Had risen, to shed his lustre o'er the world,
While scarce the moon her nightly course had
run,
Or sullen darkness from her throne was hurled,
I, musing, stood upon the joyous shore,
And bade my curious eyes the scene explore.
Deep was the vale ; high rose the mountains
round ;
With joy I gazed — then stood in awe profound.
Close on the eastern shore, a mountain high
Rose up as if to meet the azure sky.
Behind its terminated point there lay,
In peaceful pride, a little winding bay ;
While, far beyond, a brother mountain stood,

Whose top with towering pride o'erlooked the
flood.

Between the hills a cloud in silence hung,
As if suspended by the hand of night,
Which o'er the hills her sable mantle flung —
Now fast dissolving into streams of light.

The waters there seemed like a darkened pall,
Spread o'er a city, doomed in wrath to fall.

The bay was calm. The hills on either side
Stood firm, exulting in their mountain pride.
There seemed at first to ope the gates of morn,
When streams of light the hills and vales
adorn.

There seemed, where yet the cloud in darkness
lay,

The path in which Aurora led the day.
But yet, while Phœbus upward rolled his car,
And threw his beams of shining light afar,
Slowly the cloud was seen to melt away,
Its last faint streaks commingling with the
day.

The vail was rent ; and night, with noiseless tread,

Retired, as if to slumber with the dead.

Then shone abroad the sun's resplendent beams ;

Far o'er the water glanced his joyous gleams,

Reflecting all the varying shades of light,

Till all was brilliant, as was dark the night.

The hills were glad, and joyous were the trees,

All silent now — now whispering in the breeze.

Then smiling pleasure led her joyful train,

While notes melodious filled the wide domain.

The boats were seen to glide across the wave,

All still, save by the strokes the oarsmen gave ;

While deep within the bosom of the lake,

All forms their bright reflected image take.

While some with treacherous bait allure

The trout, that lay in "speckled pride,"

Beneath the wave, yet ill secure,

Full many a crew was seen to ride

In "still repeated circles round,"

Where oft upon the waters lay
 The beauteous Isles, which, save the sound
 Of birds that hymn the rising day,
 Were silent as the voiceless tomb,
 And lonely as the desert's gloom.
 Alone they *seemed* — but not alone ;
 Though solitude did hold her throne
 Within that calm and wild retreat,
 There birds with birds in concert meet,
 There hills with hills in strife arise,
 And vainly tempt the lofty skies.
 There hills with brother hills converse,
 And each to each the tales rehearse,
 That strike themselves with deep and solemn
 sound,
 When tattling echo tells the mountains round.
 There Isle with Isle, familiar courts
 The wave ; and wave, rejoicing, sports
 With wave, while yet themselves appear
 The friends of solitude forever reigning here.

H O M E .

“SWEET HOME!”—the scene of early joys —

Perchance, of unremembered sorrow,
How dear the hope my heart employs,
Of viewing on some happy morrow!

O, how hath wizard Fancy wove
With light and gay fantastic fingers,
The holy charm of early love
Around the spot where memory lingers!

How doth imagination light,
Upon her trembling pinions falter,
Before the flame of love, that bright
Is burning on the fireside altar!

The bliss of earth that's born above,
More dear to me than every other,
Is nature's pure and pious love
Of father, mother, sister, brother.

But from the little chosen band
That once did in that circle gather,
Hath gone to seek a better land,
My loved and unforgotten father.

And if among those names, so dear,
One may be fonder than another,
Who gives for me a prayer, or tear,
That one would be the name of mother.

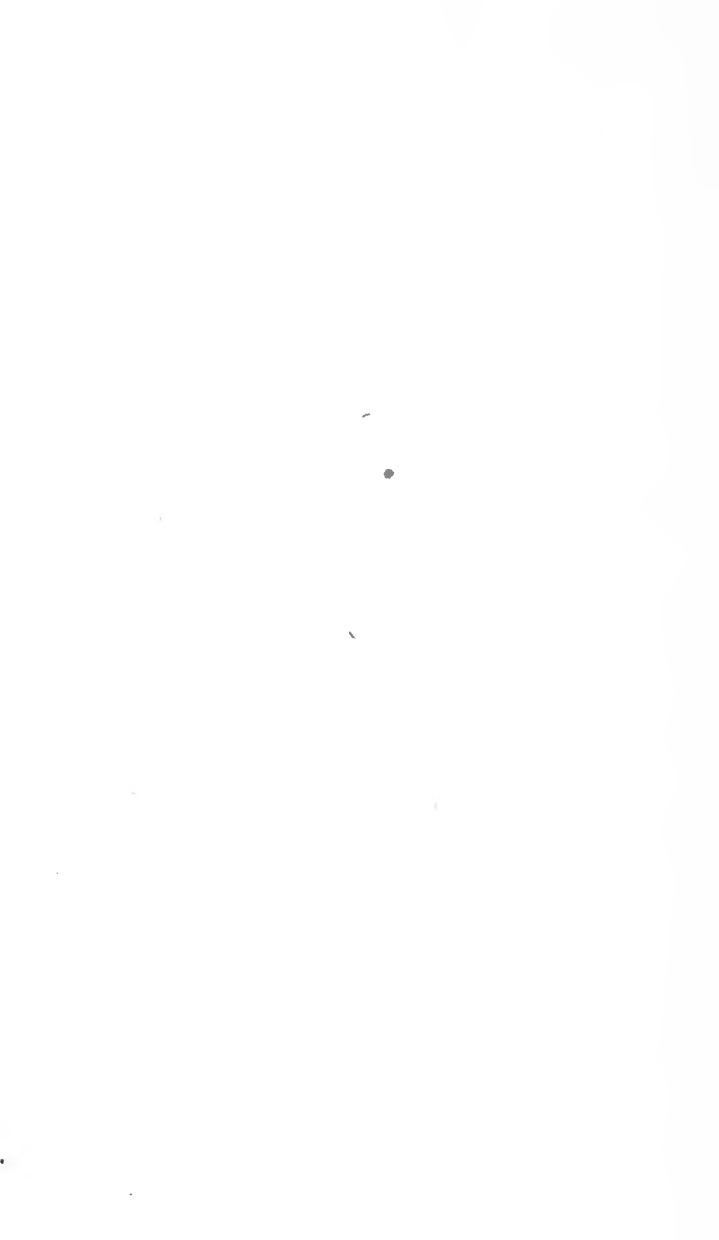
What though her vision is not bright,
Nor quick her step as youth's light motion :
Undim'd remains her mental sight,
Unchilled the warmth of her devotion.

Her children all alike she loves —
On each bestows some little token —

A valued gift if it but proves
The ties of Nature are not broken.

Though they are scattered far and wide,
And all have different paths before them,
Between them flows no ocean-tide,
And the same sky is smiling o'er them.

To meet again at their "sweet home"
The joy to them may not be given :
Left here a little space to roam,
O Father! call them home to heaven.
MARCH, 1837.



Let Love Abide Forever.

LET Love abide forever!

Thus did Affection sing —
Thus wrote the faithful lover
Upon a golden ring ;
He gave it to his love —
She vowed to keep it ever ;
Witnessed the stars above —
“ Let Love abide forever.”

Let Love abide forever,
Nor think the date too long ;
In vain might time endeavor
To swell its sweetest song.
I'm bound to thee with bonds
Which earth may not dissever ;

Thy look of love responds,
“Let Love abide forever!”

Let Love abide forever!

Though mourning on us come
And sorrows round us hover,
Love rest upon our home.
When in affliction's hour
May holy friendship ever
Exclaim with softening power,
“Let Love abide forever!”

Let Love abide forever :

It was not born to die!
Who shall its life recover,
When falls its dying sigh?
Yes — love shall live, though death
Our earthly ties should sever,
And sigh our dying breath;
“Let Love abide forever!”

I Love Thee, Brother!*

I LOVE thee, Brother! with a sister's love,
And claim from thee a Brother's dearest
prayer ;
And if the spirits pure, that dwell above,
May read our thoughts with pain or pleasure there,
Will not the eye of her that bore us, shine
With sweet and holy rapture when she feels,
That in her children lives *her* love divine—
That *his* devotion o'er our memory steals,
Who smoothed the paths our infant feet hath
trod, .
And called away her spirit up to God.

* Written for a young lady whose parents were dead, and intended to be presented by her, as a token of affection, to her brother, who was about to be married.

What though thy heart be plighted to another ;
Give not the love that's to a sister due ;
Nor shall I claim in thy affection, Brother,
Her place, whom holier ties will bind to you.
For her a home is left within my heart ;
Nor do I yield the place that's due a Brother :
To each, deserved love I will impart :—
O spirits dear, of father and of mother,
Help us to keep, of love, the sacred trust,
Till pass our souls to thee — our flesh to dust.

A Fragment.

LAND of the West! where freedom's altars burn,
Thy bosom is the child of Nature's urn.
Here were the temples in the forest-shade,
Where was of old the Red Man's offering
made.

Above the shrine did lofty branches wave —
The tree the column — cloud the architrave;
The high expanded arch of heaven, the dome;
The rock the altar, and the earth the tomb.
That time! — O faded are those scenes away —
What harp shall sing the sadly pleasing lay!

Young Enterprise, with bounding footsteps,
traced
The rivers that the waving prairie graced;

The sporting Naiads left their crystal waves,
Their silver fountains and their coral caves.
The lover's song no longer heard the grove,
Nor forest-girl his bridal chaplet wove.

Improvement next appeared with sinews strong,
And followed in his train th' industrious
throng ;

The forest fell—the works of art appeared,
An empire rose, as by enchantment reared.
Then hither came all passions of the earth,
Ambitious each to celebrate her birth ;
And each with envious strife was heard to
claim

The right to give the infant world a name.
Stern Justice was to weigh—bright Truth
approve,
And moral worth alone the balance move.

Wealth's menial sons their golden offerings
brought,

And Learning bore the triumphs she had
wrought.

Proud Conquest came, and in the balance
placed

The trophies which a thousand victories graced.

While yet the balance hung with trembling
swing,

Adventurous Genius came, with steady wing,

And pinions radiant with a golden stream,

And hung his laurels on the wavering beam ;

Ingratitude upheld the sinking scale,

But Truth beheld and cried—"COLUMBIA, HAIL!"

THE VICTOR SPIRIT.

The Victor Spirit.

I.

THE mind ! immortal mind ! who shall declare
Its destiny ? Itself alone hath taught
The secrets of the ocean, earth and air,
But what shall teach itself the source of
thought ?

Mysterious is the force the spheres obey,
That move in grandeur through their trackless
way.

All these by Nature's finest fingers wrought,
The mind may scan as with a power divine,
While it with deepest thought can scarce itself
define.

II.

Mark how the beauteous form that Nature
shows

Calls up the joyous smile of cheering praise;
What lovely charms her rural scenes disclose :

See how the mind its high delight displays,
As 't views creation's works from earliest time,
And gathers wealth from every varied clime :

Behold how then it burns with bright'ning
blaze,

And all the shades of passion, feeling, thought,
Arise at sight of wondrous works that God
hath wrought !

III.

Bid Fancy touch the springs of mind sublime—

Trace out imagination's highest flight ;
Roll backward then the waveless tide of time,
Through bright'ning day, or dark, oblivious
night,

What time the morning stars their song began,
And mark what feelings move the soul of
man :

What passions rule—what blissful hopes
delight—

And say—from burning zone to frozen pole—
If aught is found sublimer than the fearless
soul !

IV.

Heard ye the thunder's peal—the ocean's roar?

Saw ye the lightning's flash in deep of night,
When waves in madness lashed the rocky
shore?

Or looked ye down the mountain's giddy
height,

To fearful gulfs and watery graves below?

Heard ye, the while, the threat'ning tempest
blow,

While rolled the billows proud of furious
might,—

And darkness deep with terror veiled the sky?
All these are full of grand and awful majesty!

V.

The smallest star that shines in distant space,
When seen afar with philosophic eye ;
The dark eclipse that drives the day apace ;
The comet as it rides along the sky,
To chase the darkening shades of night away ;
The blue expanse that mocks our short survey ;
Vastness and strength that all our powers
defy ;
Extension infinite and endless time !—
The thoughts of these are great, majestic, and
sublime !

VI.

But mark the man by noble passion moved,
Who proudly bids defiance to his foes,
And see the soul by conscious truth approved,
In triumph rise o'er all its weight of woes ;

The Patriot's bosom burn, with freedom
fired ;
The hero's soul by love of fame inspired,
Disdaining all that dare his right oppose,
And though an armèd host his power defy,
With firmest voice he swears "to conquer or
to die !"

VII.

Thus, raised above the chilling touch of fear,
All free exists the captive's dauntless
mind.
What though the body's bound in chains se-
vere,
Not by creation is the soul confined.
While innocence the charge of guilt denies,
Exulting shall the wingèd spirit rise.
No prison can its viewless essence bind,
No terror chill its sweet and pure delight,
No feeling blast its heavenly hopes and vis-
ions bright.

VIII.

Thus, o'er the wave, on Erin's fated land,
Whose sea-girt shore the troubled waters
lave,
His country saw a youthful patriot stand
With high resolve the Emerald Isle to save;
Accused of crime by slander's perjured breath,
And by the foes of Freedom led to death,
Unyielding there he fell as fall the brave :
While o'er his tomb his kindred spirits sighed,
Immortal Freedom mourned, when godlike
EMMET died.

IX.

So in that land far-famed in ancient song,
Which wild Ægean's classic waves divide,
A mighty nation's tomb has mouldered long,
And long the sea has rolled its mournful tide
Against the rocks that skirt its winding
shore,

As if with sighing sounds it would deplore
The Spartan band that there so bravely
died !

Thermop'læ then did consecrate her name,
And there Leonidas acquired immortal fame !

X.

Let heroes boast their deeds of bravery done,
Let patriots for their country bleed and die :
Let those in triumph tell their victories won,
And these, the foes of Liberty defy ;
Yet are they not the noblest ones of earth,
Nor can they give the purest passions birth.

There is a feeling more sublime and high :
It is the moral courage of the mind,
Triumphant over fear, and yet to heaven re-
signed.

XI.

So when the good man, 'mid bright scenes of
earth,

With memory sweet recalls the fleeting past,
And seeks, perchance, the cause that gave him
birth ;

When all with mystery is quite o'ercast,
Conducted by imagination's flight,
Beyond the solemn bounds of death's dark
night :

The mind, forgetting scenes that cannot
last,
Would fain explore the Universe sublime,
To grasp infinity, and measure endless time !

XII.

And such a trial was, in ancient days,
When human intellect had reached the
height
Of envied admiration, and high praise
From lips that spoke, and eyes that looked
delight,
Did swell the human heart with pompous
pride,

And fiction gained the praise to truth denied :
Then first arose the faint and flickering
light,
That joyous beamed from Truth's celestial
throne,
Whose face, when first unveiled, with bright-
est radiance shone.

XIII.

This light, while scarce by purest spirits seen,
Remained to vulgar minds in darkness
sealed.
Its fainting gleams, the darkening shades be-
tween,
From human vision's reach well-nigh con-
cealed.
A lofty mind, beyond the world's control,
Disdaining fear of death, believed the soul
Immortal — great the truth — not then re-
vealed.
This firm belief the martyr testified —

This blissful hope he, living, taught, and teaching, died.

XIV.

Not fearful dreams of falling into naught,
But hope to rise immortal from the tomb,
By Socrates conceived and Plato taught,
Impelled the fearless son of ancient Rome
— Disdaining terrors of a coming foe,
And all the fearful thoughts of human woe —
To end his life, nor wait for Cæsar's doom.
Defeating thus the tyrant's stern decree,
Heroic Cato died, and set his spirit free !

XV.

But he, though great, was not without his faults ;
And yet, like virtues all his errors shone.
How great is he whose mind himself exalts,
While others shine with merits not their own !
The act 't was not, but motive which inspired,

That made the man lamented and admired.

Not hopeless did he go to realms unknown,
For, having deeply drank of Plato's lore,
He sighed for immortality, and was no more.

XVI.

One more — the greatest of the noble line

That ruled th' imperial mistress of the
earth —

Deserves a place upon the scroll divine,

That keeps the record of the names of worth,
That honored live on the historic page,
And gather praise from each succeeding age.

Of such we gladly hail the glorious birth,
And drop the tear of memory o'er their tombs:
The name of Regulus eternal is, as Rome's.

XVII.

But view we now the conqueror's banquet-hall.

There lie the spoils of many a battle-field —
Red arms, torn from the soldier at his fall —

Helmet, and sword, and brightly brazen
shield,
And fond mementoes of his lady bright,
Snatched from the bosom of the valiant Knight.
'Mid triumphs of the hour, the victors—steeled
To moral worth—hoped, with oppression's rod,
Through seas of blood, to gain the citadel of
God !

XVIII.

Shall he, Napoleon, claim a power supreme?
Shall Brutus triumph o'er a tyrant slain?
Or Hannibal, to swell the lofty theme,
Rejoicing, bear the spoils of Cannæ's plain?
None is a boast so great, sublime, and high,
As when, without a groan — without a sigh,
The Red Man meets his fate with proud dis-
dain,
While yet his fearless and unconquered soul,
Exulting, soars sublime, and still defies con-
trol !

XIX.

Let Princesses imperial pride sustain :

And let them rule a nation "long and well."

Of brave heroic sons in battle slain,

Let Greek and Roman mothers proudly tell ;

Yet loftier and nobler feelings rise

From hearts to mercy made a sacrifice.

Sublimar words or kinder looks, ne'er fell

From human lips or beamed from human eye,

Than when the "Forest Girl" exclaimed —

"Thou shalt not die!"

XX.

America! what muse of eagle-wing,

Created for a flight sublime, shall plume

Her pinions strong, and heavenward soaring,

sing

The deeds of those whose praises shall illumine

The great historian's page in future years,

And draw from youthful eyes admiring tears!

O, may some bard inspired the song re-
sume,
The glories of the brave to spread through
earth,
Who lived where Nature gave a Pocahontas
birth.

XXI.

O woman ! he thy love that doth not feel,
Or hath not felt, than man is more or
less ;
And he that hath not knelt, or would not
kneel,
To one that hath substantial power to bless,
— Albeit on him hath fortune ever smiled,
And Genius nursed him as a favored child,
And heard admiring throngs his fame con-
fess —
Hath never known the purest bliss of heaven,
Or knowing it, perverted hath the end for
which 't was given.

XXII.

Her strength of hope, her faith, and trust, and
love,

Is not the growth of ages, nursed with care,
And cultured in the heart, as, from the grove

Of sunny climes to lands of keener air,
The young exotic, brought, endures the gale,
But mourns the beauty of its native vale :

Th' affections of the heart are innate there,
As he may learn who seeks the fount of joy,
Like life, that man cannot create, but may de-
stroy.

XXIII.

From human passions separate the dross,

And from the mass the pure and priceless
save!

Land of the worshiped crescent or the cross—

Of Christian warrior, or the Moslem slave—
Of rustic homes or palaces refined,

Where Freedom reigns or iron fetters bind —
Bring forth the patriotic and the brave,
And trace the record back to earliest time :
What spirit hath a power than woman's more
sublime !

XXIV.

Behold it in the hut of savage life,
When cheers her holy smile the dying chief :
O, never dearer is the name of wife,
Than when to burning brow she gives relief.
Great Chief! supremely blest thine evening
hour,
Thy body chained, but not unfeared thy
power,
As o'er thy cheek there fell the tears of
grief,
And sweetest words from lips that lisped thy
name,
Were breathed to lend a charm to Osceola's
fame.

XXV.

Lived there on earth than his a bolder spirit?—

Though sullen in defeat, and in the field
Ferocious ; who, his fame that would inherit,
Would bear a prouder emblem on his shield
Than such a warrior's likeness?—bravery's seal
Was on his brow, and throb'd a heart could feel

Within his bosom ; yet to feeling steeled
It might be, and it was, or seemed to be,
When Treachery enslaved whom God created
free !

XXVI.

In all the varied forms of matter, what

“So complicate and curious wrought” as man?
Go, search creation through, and there is not
A wonder of a more mysterious plan.
His noblest portion, the immortal soul—
That spirit born of God that doth control
His mortal frame — no other essence can,

Like this—than all things else created, higher—
Exist, when all material forms are burned with
fire !

XXVII.

The spirit hath in earth its triumph-hour :

Itself the fount of life, and thought and feel-
ing ;

The spring that wakes to being passion's power,

When throes of pain are o'er the pulses
stealing,

Which act on it, like storms on quiet oceans,

And raise a whirlwind of its deep emotions :

But times are when the soul, again congeal-
ing

Them to repose, seals them with crystal tear,

That shines like a bright pleiad in the heav-
enly sphere.

XXVIII.

Religion ! thine the viewless force that leads

The mind to that illimitable height,
Whence it with pity looks on warring creeds
That dim but darken not thy holy light ;
And thine the power that doth defy the flame
To kill the soul while it consumes the frame ;
To thee, O man, is given the moral sight
To see th' all-glorious pathway in the skies,
Where hope but in the joys of full fruition
dies.

XXIX.

Go with the martyr to the burning pile ;
And light the crackling fagots, if you will.
Behold his features lightened by a smile,
His even pulse, and blood without a chill :
The finer organs of corporeal pain
Absorbed in triumphs of the spirit's reign !
By God Almighty's nice creative skill
Produced, and with material forms combined,
Behold sublimely bright the energies of
mind !

XXX.

See how the noblest passions move the soul
Of man to great, and good, and glorious
deeds ;
How love of freedom, truth and right control,
Whene'er a patriot falls or hero bleeds :—
Eternal things sublimest thoughts inspire ;
And when our youthful joys with age expire,
Or, swiftly, Death his early coming speeds,
Serenely smiles the hope, undying, bright,
That points to life eternal and immortal light.

Saturday Evening.

THE work of labor now is done, and rest
Awaits the happy millions that repose
Upon the lap of ease. Content is there,
To whisper of the promises of hope —
Of hope, the bright-winged messenger of peace.
For who, that meets this hour aright, but feels
An inward flow of joy which lifts the soul
To elevated themes and holy thoughts,
Meant for the morrow? Him I envy not
Who would not claim these feelings as his own.
Not all unpleasing is the evening walk,
The gaze upon the stars, whose steady eyes
Have never failed of lustre since the day
The Great Eternal bathed the world in light.

The moon, more proud, but less sublime,
walks up

The sky and boasts her brighter than the
clouds,

Whose shade but helps to give her glory.
These,

The balmy air, the cricket's song, and all

The soft accordances of evening, mould

The thoughts in harmony ; but he who views

This scene alone, can see and feel but half

Its beauty. Happy he that knows there's one

Who would be with him in this quiet hour.

Dies Iræ—The Judgment Day.

A TRANSLATION.

THE world, upon the Judgment Day,
Shall burn to ashes :—thus doth say
The Sibyl's* verse and David's lay.

How great a terror now he brings,
When comes the Judge, the King of Kings,
Severely to review all things !

The trump, sending its dreadful sound,
Throughout the vast sepulchral ground,
Shall gather all his throne around.

* The Sibyls were certain women supposed to be inspired by heaven. A collection of Greek verses has been preserved, pretended to be the oracles of the Sibyls. Some of the Christian fathers cited the books of the Sibyls in favor of the Christian religion. The allusion to them in the above, is a proof of the credit which was given to them. In the history of the Papal chapel, published at Rome in 1839, it is stated that Michael Angelo, by order of Julius II, painted on the ceiling of the Sistine chapel, the great facts of the early history of man, the creation, the fall, the deluge, &c.; and below these, on each side, the majestic figures of the prophets and Sibyls, which appear as vouchers for the traditions preserved among the Pagans concerning the Messiah.

Nature shall die — Death lose his stings,
And rise again created things,
And answer to the King of Kings.

The written book shall then be brought,
Where is recorded every thought,
Whence the world's judgment shall be wrought.

Then shall the Judge ascend his throne,
And what were hidden things make known,
And all must for their sins atone.

What answer can I, wretched, give?
What patron ask — what hope receive,
When scarcely can the righteous live?

King of tremendous majesty,
Whose grace saves those who saved shall be,
Fountain of piety, save me!

Remember, Lord, I pray,

Thou camest because of my lost way,
And O, destroy me not this day !

Questioning me thou sit'st in pain,
Who, crownèd, on the cross wast slain :
May so great labor not be vain !

Just Judge of punishment, I pray
Thy mercy for my sinful way,
Before the final Judgment Day.

That I so guilty am, I mourn :
My faults make me with shame to burn :
God, spare a suppliant to return !

Thou who from sin set Mary free,
And heard the thief upon the tree,
Hast also given hope to me.

Unworthy is my heart's desire,
But thou, Lord, me with faith inspire,
Lest I be burned in endless fire !

Give me among the sheep to stand :
Divide me from the goats' dark band,
And grant a place at thy right hand.

Thy maledictions all repressed,
Thy cruel burnings, too, suppressed,
Call me to sit among the blessed.

I pray, as I a suppliant bend,
A heart contrite as ashes lend,
And take thou care of my last end.

That day shall witness tearful eyes
When it* shall from its ashes rise.

Man must be judged, accused of God :
O Father, spare thy chastening rod.

Pious Jesus, Lord, give him rest.—Amen.

* The translator supposes that the nominative case to *resurget*, translated *it*, refers to "*cor contritum*," "contrite heart," in the preceding stanza.

The Baptism.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THERE was a fountain of the purest water.
An infant leaned upon its father's bosom,
While rose the voice of prayer.

Many were there
To gaze upon the scene ; and he that prayed,
While all were silent, in the water dipped
His hand and laid it on the infant's brow ;
And as its name fell from his parted lips,
He blessed it.

Then 't was fit the father's heart
Should feel that God had given a precious
trust,
And that he, whose the blessing was, should
promise

To keep it undefiled. And while he stood,
And listened to his sacred teacher's words,
And bowed in token of his full assent,
His child laid on his lips a precious kiss ;
And they that saw it felt it had become
An angel. Feeling conquered, and they wept.

Lines for the New Year.

THE jubilee is come — the glad New Year!
How sweet the thoughts that cluster round its
birth!

It is a time for pure and holy feelings.
The little ones that sought the pillow's rest
Unwilling on the charmed eve, awake
To claim their father's gift and mother's kiss,
Right glad to be the first to lisp those words
Of bright and storied dreams — a glad New
Year!

The bright New Year! its first careering sun
Shall lend a holy smile, as gives the seal
Of friendship its impression deep on hearts

Of purest mould, while signets long effaced
And worn, shall re-imprinted be, and wine
Shall wash away the dust neglect has heaped
On bosoms made for high and generous
thoughts ;

And love shall weave its silken meshes round
Those re-united by its kind embrace.

The gay New Year ! The fascinating smiles
Of beauty, clothed in neat and chaste attire,
Shall add new glory to the morning light.
The melting music of the harp, and song
Of human voice divine — the gladsome laugh,
And joyous dance, and all the features bright,
Doth speak a language tongue hath never
learned ;

For who can paint the cheek of rosy blush
And changing hue, or write in words the joy
That lights the eye and curls the lip with
smiles ?

The blest New Year! 'Tis good to look around
And feel that we, this day, are not alone ;
That hearts and hopes of absent friends are
with us.

'Tis good for us this day should come : it is
A landmark in our life's else trackless way.
Look up when zenith holds the burning sun :
It seems scarce higher than the golden ball
That lights the dome of yonder tower. But see,
When the horizon drinks its mellow light,
His lengthened rays illumine the village spire,
And gaze upon the distant turret, tree,
And hill, and brightly burnished wave ; the
cloud

And far-off mountain — these but feebly count
The tens of millions of his distant way !
And so, when flows the tide of time along,
The birth of freedom, and the death of saints,
The hero's triumph, and the New Year's hour,
The Sabbath morn and Christmas Eve — all
give

Us warning of its passage ; for these are
The sands laid on the shore of time — the
drops

That swell the ocean of eternity ! —
The quarter-strokes that give to mortal man
The token of his quickly-passing life.

The sad New Year ! for those are now no
more

That were our pride and joy. And one there
is —

A widowed mother — who hath lost what was
To her of heavenly worth, her darling child ;
And children are who mourn their parents'
death —

The homeless daughter and the orphan boy.
Let Charity perform her pleasing task, .
And take from them their humble tribute —
thanks :

Thanks for the plenty which their hands re-
ceived,

From those whom God hath given generous
 hearts ;
And thanks that Heaven hath spared them for
 the gift.

The New Year's Day ! it is a day of joy,
Of fear, of trust, of sorrow and of hope :
Of joy that we are not unblessed ; of fear,
That we have poorly earned the good man's
 praise ;
Of trust, that Heaven will guide our steps
 aright ;
Of sorrow, that, since last this festal day
We hailed, the friends we cherished with our
 love,
Are lost to our embrace ; of hope, that bliss
Immortal is their lot, and that, when death
Shall call us hence, we'll share with them the
 deep
And full fruition of eternal rest.



Ode to Liberty.

WHEN Oppression sought to rule the world,
And Kings became intoxicate with fame,
And blackened flags were everywhere unfurled,

Down from her native heaven a being came,
Her features bright
With hallowed light,
Her father God, and Liberty her name !

Angel of Light ! whose burning throne
Shall never fade or fail ;
Thy great and Godlike errand done,
The Nations bade thee, Hail !
The foes of Freedom were amazed,
To see her shining form,
And Freedom's friends her coming praised
As they beheld the coming storm.

A shield with streaks of light illumed with stars,
That gave a glory to the soldier's scars,
Who, fighting, died beneath her high command,

Aloft she bore with more than human hand ;

And tales shall tell

How heroes fell,

The Patriot-martyrs of a chosen land !

Their tombs around

Shall freemen proudly weep

And peaceful be their sleep

In holy ground.

His Angel-choirs

The God of music woke

Who swept with magic stroke

Their breathing lyres.

Borne swiftly on their fiery car

With light'ning flash

And thund'ring crash,

All fiercely came the hosts of war !

With breath of smoke,
And iron hands,
And eyes of fire,
The hero gave the deadly stroke
And saw his foes expire ;
But lo ! his banner proudly stands ;
For while the heaving tide of battle rolls,
And every flood
Is red with blood,
The Eagle-bearer holds its glorious folds,
For he has left " his mansion in the sun "
To see the task of warriors done !

The foot of battle strode sublime,
O'ermarching plain and mountain,
Frozen stream and flowing fountain,
With drum and trumpet's awful chime,
And Lexington
A glory won,
That swells the raptured poet's song,
And bids the bard his notes prolong,

Let him raise the tuneful voice :
Let the nations all rejoice,
 And Bunker's hill
 The song shall fill,
And millions of this happy land
Shall sing its praises and its power expand !

While Freedom finds a friend on earth,
While gives the world a hero birth,
 Shall Bravery's legends tell
How — when her soil the warrior trod —
 Ticonderoga fell
 Beneath the hand
 Whose stern command
Was in the name of Congress and Almighty
 God !
 Now look around
 On classic ground :
For war, the hated scourge of God,
This peaceful land hath trod.
See ! across the narrow tide,

The region of the Lion's pride ! —
When his shaggy front he shook,
And for the battle-prize contended,
The "Bird of Jove," with fearless look,
From the throne of God descended :
Boldly plucked his flowing mane,
And gave it to the winds that swept the plain!
On Erie's banks
The crowded ranks,
Like Pilgrims to some holy shrine,
Rush'd on to victory or death divine !

The fairest of the ocean's daughters
Bore proudly on her smiling waters
The Eagle's and the Lion's hostile line :
Her gentle flood
There drank the blood
Of the King of beasts,
As, at her feasts,
His royal mistress drinks her wine.
The winged warrior nobly fought :

The breeze the shout of victory caught,
And glory crowned our country's powers,
When Perry's name
She gave to fame,
Who met the foe and made them ours !

That day full many a hero fell.
Niagara's wave
Became their grave,
As long, historic tale shall tell ;
Long as the conquering bird shall wave its
wing ;
Long as the Minstrel-Cataract shall sing,
Shall Angels raise
The song of praise !
And gladd'ning shouts of triumph ring !
JULY 4, 1839.

THE PATRIOT'S TRIUMPH.

The Patriot's Triumph.

I.

A theme full worthy of an angel's lyre,
To holiest strains attuned, awaits the song ;
And though, perchance, in vain it strive to fire
The "soul of harmony" with feelings strong
And deep, the bashful muse essays to sing
What well befits a harp of boldest string.

Not nobler thoughts have stirred the enraptured throng,
Nor sweeter strains have moved a seraph's tongue,
Than this deserves, the highest theme by bards
unsung

II.

Know ye the works which Nature hath created,
External substance and material forms?
How each to each, mysterious stands related?
And what that chills, and what the power
that warms?
What bids the vapor's sporting curls to rise?
And why the snows desert their native skies?
What power creates and stills the angry
storms?
Why moved the planets on creation's morn,
Erewhile rejoiced the sons of God, that time
was born?

III.

Ask why on ocean's bosom swells the tide?
To rear the mighty oak, whose is the power?
Who bade the storm the whirlwind steed to
ride?
Who gave a being to the bashful flower?

Who taught the steel to lead the lightning's car?
Or point its finger to the polar star?

If these delight us, things but of an hour,
What raptures shall we feel the source to find,
And comprehend the powers of th' immortal
mind?

IV.

The mind! ethereal spark, whose fitful light,
Soft as the morning's look, first breaks to
view,

Then, like the chainless meteor, flashing bright,
Would fain its wildly blazing course pursue.
Now stretch afar the telescopic eye,
To catch a world from the unfathomed sky :

Alternate now the wondering gaze renew
From insect's home to angel's bright abode —
Itself the noblest work of its Creator God.

V.

Nor noble is the mind but by its deeds ;

Full many a powerful intellect appears,
And smiles with hate when heavenly mercy
 bleeds ;

Full many a soul, estranged to better fears,
Whose courage fails where virtue firmness
 gains,
Loves the "bad eminence" itself attains.

Though Charity should pour her cleansing
 tears,
Yet not, in all the fleeting hours of time,
Can mental wealth excuse or wash away a
 crime.

VI.

Not so the lofty souls whose praise I sing,
Not born to drink of Freedom's purest foun-
 tain,
Nor gently fanned, as by the breath of spring,
With softening zephyrs from a rural moun-
 tain.
Not where the love of liberty and truth

Could expiate the lesser faults of youth ;
Where virtues great, pretended crimes sur-
mounting,
Could dissipate the clouds to viewless air,
That breathe suspicion on a reputation fair.

VII.

But in a land where ruder storms prevailed,
And Freedom's hallowed flame had nigh
expired ;
Where other men from moral weakness failed,
And from the thickening contest had retired ;
Where Bigotry had raised her horrid head,
And honest hearts, the land that overspread,
Fanatic men opposed, with vengeance fired :
Were born the fearless men whose pilgrim-feet
From proud oppression turned to find a calm
retreat.

VIII.

But in that hour what anguish pierced the soul !

Upon a barren, unfrequented heath,
Unvisited but by the ceaseless roll
Of waves that came and spent their foaming
 breath,
Then died and slept within their ocean-grave,
While new-born billows did successive lave
The shore, and in succession sink to death,
All undismayed the trusting Pilgrims stood,
Their homes behind, their eyes were fixed upon
 the flood.

IX.

But they were now upon the troubled ocean,
Whose mountain-waves, exulting in their
 might,
The trembling vessel tossed with wild commo-
 tion ;
The dimly twinkling stars their beacon
 light,
The breath of heaven the life-inspiring gale
That onward bore the proudly swelling sail.

Through many a weary day, and darksome
night

It rode, with canvas rent, and broken spars,
Led by the light that sparkled from the king
of stars.

X.

Lo! now the hopeful land salutes the eye,
Where glassy lakes and rivers, sparkling
bright,
Reflect the beauteous drapery of the sky,
And green-robed hills are laughing with de-
light ;
Amid the surge's wild, tumultuous roar,
They strive with sinewy arm to gain the shore ;
While winds and waves the undiminished
might
Of that heroic crew in vain would mock,
Unharm'd they land on Plymouth's ever-
lasting rock.

XI.

Here from the altar, built in earliest time

By God omnipotent, were heard to rise
Th' undying notes of prayer and praise sublime.

And here, beneath the temple of the skies,
Commingling with the music of the breeze,
And wildly roaring anthems of the seas,

Was offered up the holiest sacrifice
By pious hearts to God Almighty given —
A Conscience pure, with sin at war, at peace
with heaven.

XII.

As morning dawned of each returning day,

With vig'rous strength their labors were renewed :

Before them fled the forest fast away,

And swift the hordes of savage men pursued.
Fair Culture smiled in beauty on the plain,

Where late the forest held majestic reign.

Where sat enthroned sublime, grave solitude,
The social circle lit the social smile —
Of Freedom's temple there began the lofty pile.

XIII.

But scarce the rolling years more swiftly flew,
Than Enterprise pursued his onward flight;
Than fleeting hours more fast their numbers
grew,

And brighter than the sun, the holy light,
That now began from many a hallowed shrine,
To blaze with freedom and with truth to shine;

And stronger than the fabled giants' might,
Became, with reason armed, their moral force,
Sublimier than the rolling worlds their onward
course!

XIV.

Not lofty mountain nor the bending river,
Nor deeply dark unmeasured-forest shade,

Nor savage warrior, with his bow and quiver,
Nor aught in fearful or sublime arrayed
Of Nature's gloomy drapery ; nor clouds
That hung upon the hills like mourningshrouds,
Nor snows that Culture's winding sheet had
made :
Could check the course, much less the soul
subdue,
Of bold Adventure, seeking scenes forever new.

XV.

And where, on favored spots, profusely fell
The gifts dispensed by Nature's bounteous
hand,
And woods and streams so eloquently well
Bespoke the greatness of their native land :
Prophetic thought! not this th' unhappy clime
Where hopes like these are falsified by time.
Not here the servile souls that brook com-
mand
Of tyrants ; but their Country's power supreme

They proudly praise, and ceaseless sing th' ex-
ulting theme.

XVI.

In times of danger, like a magic spell,
Arose the master-spirits of the land,
Ambitious each to serve his country well ;
And when Oppression raised her iron hand,
To grasp the wealth that avarice would not
steal,
And mocked the pains that tyrants made them
feel,
By adding wrongs to insolent command :
As fires produced by flint and steel combined,
These ruder times struck out the nobler powers
of mind.

XVII.

Bold Eloquence with strains persuasive came,
And rung his mellow voice with music's
tone,

When Freedom's kindling zeal burst forth in
flame,

And saw a monarch on his trembling throne ;
Dispensing vile oppression's wrongs to those
Unterrified by fear of human woes.

From peak to peak by bounding echo
thrown,
Prophetic words with freezing terror rung,
Till lost in clouds that o'er the Alleghanies
hung.

XVIII.

Not brighter is the lightning's flashing stream,
Nor louder is the thunder's awful peal,
Than then appeared their weapons' dazzling
gleam,

Than sounded then their arms of clashing
steel.

Fair Freedom, who had for a season slept,
Now waking, saw her sons in chains, and wept.
The nation breathed with full heroic zeal,

While every town and hamlet heard th' alarms,
And every man in hut or hovel rushed to arms.

XIX.

The hour of trial came. It was a day
Eventful in the history of time.
Contending armies stood in proud array,
Whose armor gleamed, whose banners waved
sublime ;
When through the deadening fires of battle red,
The youthful hero, *on* his army led,
And martial music rung its awful chime,
The warrior laid him in the soldier's grave !
He fell in manhood's pride, and sleeps among
the brave.

XX.

Not Bunker's classic hill, whose hoary head
Full oft the lightning's fiery wing had seared ;
Whose towering oaks were laid among the
dead,

When erst the thunderbolts of heaven ap-
peared,
Had ever made such signs of grief, as when
His brow was stained with blood of dauntless
men.

That time hath passed, and on his head is
reared
A monument that shall perpetuate
Their fame, whose death hath sanctified a
cause so great.

XXI.

The purpose of the land the Patriot breathed,
Which angels whispered in the ears of
heaven ;
The warrior then his fearless sword un-
sheathed
To claim the rights by God and Nature
given ;
Their hearts, made bold by hope, and truth,
and right,

Their arms were nerved by more than mortal
might.

As flies the cloud before the tempest driven,
So fled Britannia's host before the power
Of warlike men ordained to signalize the hour !

XXII.

O, who the moral grandeur can portray
That marks a nation struggling to be free !
Or who relate the glories of the day
When Truth proclaimed the birth of liberty !
What nobler theme could angels' harps employ
Than bear to heaven Columbia's bursting joy,
When sang her sons the first great jubilee,
Which rang from every vale where Culture
smiled,
To hills above the clouds in rocky turrets piled !

XXIII.

The heroes of that day ! where sleeps their
dust ?

Their memory, what monumental stone
Preserves? or where inscribed the sculptured
bust?

Their fame is graven on a nobler throne —
To mark their graves no gloomy tapers burn,
Nor rest their ashes in a golden urn : —

They lie in hallowed ground, but not alone.
The world shall bless the names from age to
age,
Of Vernon's Patriot Chief and Monticello's
Sage!

XXIV.

"The Father of his Country!" — who shall
sing

His praise? With reverence let the muse
his name

Pronounce, and soaring up, with heavenly
wing,

Whence Truth and Justice, Love and Mercy
came,

The volume the recording angel keeps
 Unfold and read it when his body sleeps,
 And men the spotless page shall see, and
 Fame
 And Fortune, Genius, Learning, Noble Birth,
 Shall stand abashed before his majesty and
 worth.

XXV.

Thou hero! — softly rest the earth above thee,
 And moistened be it with the tears of heaven;
 While, from the glowing hearts of those who
 love thee,
 Shall blessings come upon the breeze of even :
 For thee, O sweetly smile the early flowers
 That kiss the sun and drink the softening
 showers,
 And unto thee the priceless meed be given :
 Immortal spirit ! 't is a vision bright
 To view a ransomed people, radiant with de-
 light !

XXVI.

Nor unremembered are the thousand names
Of valiant men, who were his friends of old
In council and in arms. The world proclaims
Their praise more sure than characters of
gold,
And like the gentle moon, upon their tombs
Fond memory smiles, and hope their path il-
lumes,
Beyond the course the farthest orb hath
rolled,
While every star that lights the milky way,
Shall deck the crown that waits for them the
final day!

XXVII.

Among the living there are few, and they
Are changed. Departed is th' elastic tread;
Their flaxen locks are turned to silver gray,
And all the vigor of their youth is fled;

But memory revives their glowing hearts,
And brightly shines the humble tear that starts,
As they behold the tombs of honored dead ;
For O, how dear to Heaven the Patriot's
prayer,
Breathed on the altar Freedom has erected
there !

XXVIII.

But most of these have passed away. The
grave
Has claimed earth's noblemen, and they
have died,
Lamented by the good and mourned as brave.
Some sleep afar upon the mountain's side ;
Some on the hill the gushing fountain laves ;
Some in the valley where the woodbine waves,
For every spot where flows the zephyr's tide,
Or frowns the storm, or smiles the floweret's
bloom,
Is hallowed by the signal of a soldier's tomb !

XXIX.

Auspicious hour ! birth-day of liberty !

Day that asunder burst the tyrant's chain !

Day that proclaimed the charter of the
free !

The fun'ral rite of black oppression's reign,
When despots wore their sable weeds of woe,
Gave to thy hallowed light a brighter glow.

Great day ! thy glad return brought joy and
pain,

When on thy morn awoke their nation's
pride —

Great men ! — their God and Country blessed,
and smiled, and died !

XXX.

Long shall the memory of that day endure ;

And for that great deliverance breathe de-
votion

To God Almighty, passionless and pure ;

And millions, filled with transports of emotion,
Shall hail its light with shows, and games, and plays,
And joyous give the God of battles praise!
Throughout the land, and on the waves of ocean,
Upon the mountain, and along the river,
Shall guns and drums be heard, and bonfires
burn forever!

XXXI.

Our Country! when shall kindling hope essay
To cheer the dreamer's visionary hour,
With words prophetic of the future day
That waits thy rising empire's boundless
power!
How grandly beautiful thy mighty floods;
How terribly sublime thy darkened woods,
Where climbs to dizzy heights the mountain tower,

And solitude, in dusky robes arrayed,
Holds full dominion o'er the melancholy shade!

XXXII.

Who that hath seen, where stood the forest's
pride,

How cities rise where Enterprise awakes,
And o'er the wildly heaving billows ride,

With sweep sublime, the navies of the Lakes,
Shall see, throughout our wide extended land,
The flame of Freedom brighten and expand,

And feel the rapture on the soul that breaks,
When o'er the works of art shall stand sublime,
The Patriot's Triumph, bright above the wreck
of time!







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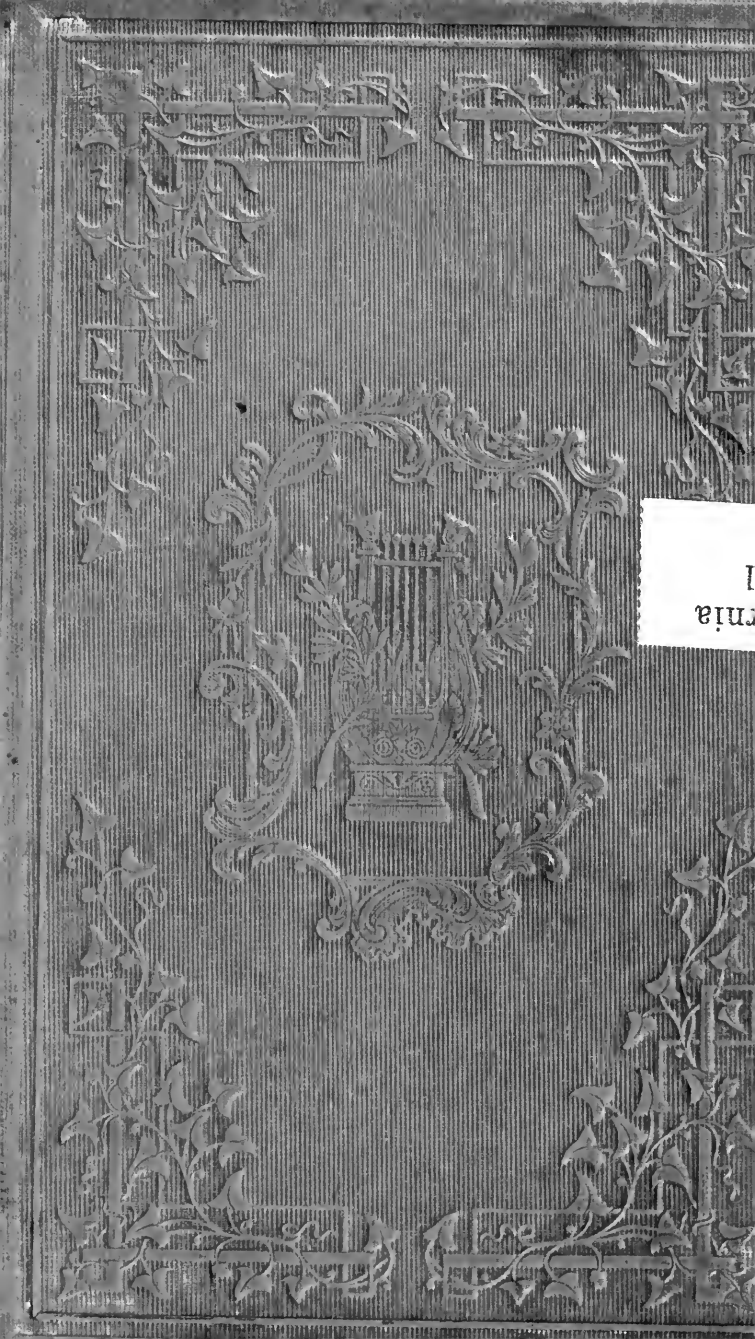
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